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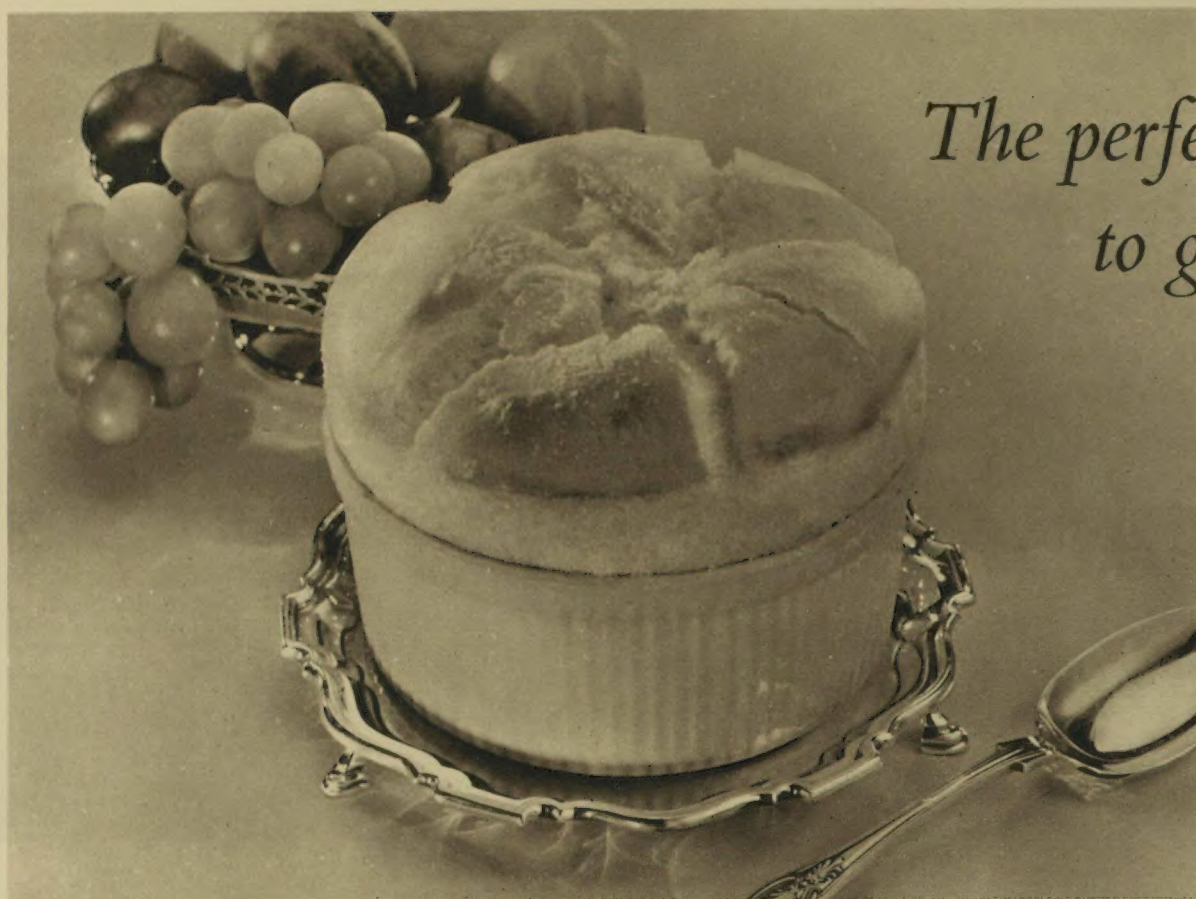
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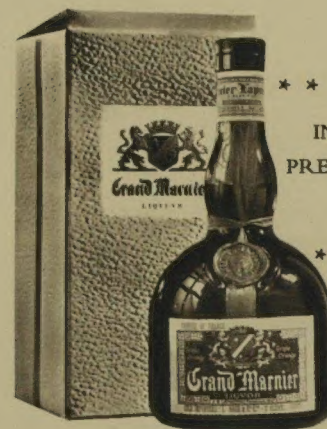




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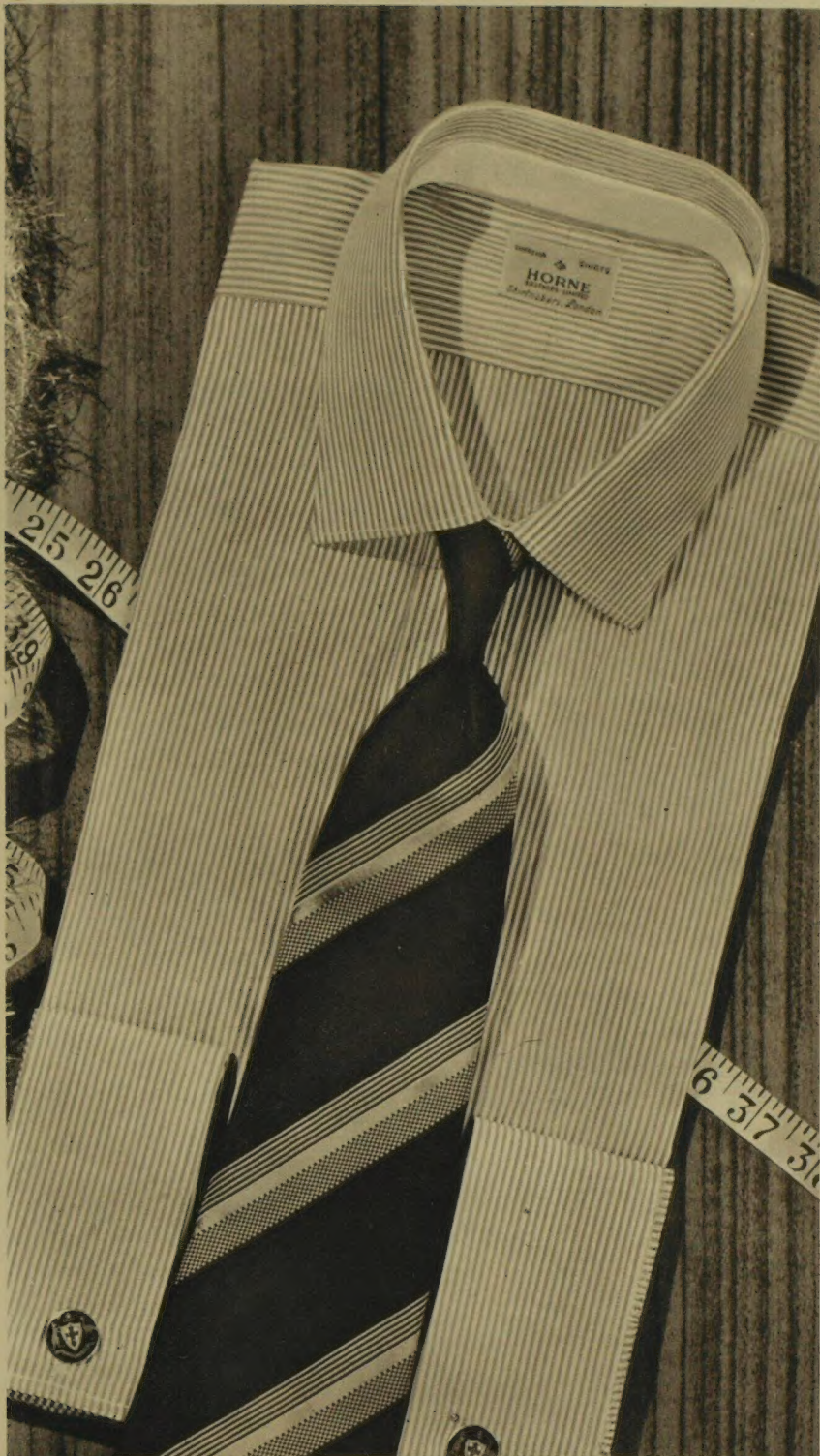
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1958.



DESTROYING EOKA MINES IN CYPRUS: A DRAMATIC NIGHT SCENE AS AN EXPERT HOLDS UP ONE OF THE DETONATORS FROM TWO HOME-MADE MINES (FOREGROUND) DURING A RECENT MINE DISPOSAL OPERATION.

Since the state of emergency began in Cyprus some 6000 EOKA mines and bombs have been destroyed—with the loss of six lives—by the island's Bomb Disposal Squad. Recently two mines were discovered near a main water-pipe on the road from Lapithos to Kefalovryso. Two disposal experts drove to the spot, arriving after dark, and began the risky task of removing the detonators. The danger involved is increased by the fact that the EOKA

mines are hand-made and behave erratically. Working by artificial light, one of the two disposal experts spent eight tense minutes removing four detonators from the two mines, having first traced the wires connected to them some 300 yards away to the detonating point. After this the mines were taken away and harmlessly exploded. Photographs of various bomb casings used in this dangerous form of EOKA warfare appear on page 1111.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was very young, long, long ago, there used to arrive at my home a few weeks before Christmas a perfectly enormous box. It was a present from an old friend of my father's, the head of a famous firm of Christmas card manufacturers, and it contained what I suppose must have been a sample of every one of the firm's cards for the current season. They ranged from magnificent objects, as thick as chocolate bars and as large as small tables, depicting historical scenes specially selected for their Christmas greetings by the Sovereign and other members of the Royal family, to minute and flimsy slips of paper adorned by robins or sprigs of holly and priced at a dozen for a penny for circulation among the poor or such of the poor, rather, as could afford Christmas cards. For in those days, as we were reminded by the rags and miserable dishevelment of the human scarecrows who could be seen at their begging stations in the more sheltered corners of the West End London streets, the really poor could not afford such luxuries as Christmas cards at all, even if they had been sold at a thousand for a farthing. For though, as we were told, man could not live by bread alone, he could not live without it, and in the still Victorian world into which I was born, there were plenty of human beings, even in Christian England, who for one reason or another could not muster enough pennies to buy themselves sufficient to eat. It was nearly always, we were told by our nurses when we drew their attention to these pitiful objects, their own fault, and, from what I now know of human nature, including my own, I dare say they were generally right. None the less, it used to disturb the childish mind or rather heart—another manifestation of human nature on which our nurses, though they observed it, did not comment, for it would have been, in their professional situation, uncalled for—and if by the wave of a fairy's wand such manifest poverty could have been set right, we should have felt a great deal more comfortable and have cheerfully ordained it. Whether we should have foregone any of our own toys to achieve the same result I do not know; probably, had we appreciated the imminence and immensity of the sacrifice involved, not. Children, like their parents, have good hearts, but they have also bad ones. And this is not a world where the good in the human heart always prevails, though it sometimes—as witness the birth of the Welfare State—achieves something for a time. Though whether the young of to-day, the Teddy boys of the streets and the fast young roadsters in their sports cars on the Ministry of Transport's fine new by-passes, are going to have much use in twenty years for a polity founded on compassion, I can't help sometimes wondering. Barry smashes Shirley's dolly, Shirley's eyes are crossed with hate, Comrades plot a Comrade's downfall "in the interests of the State." Not my vegetarian dinner, not my lime-juice minus gin, Quite can drown a faint conviction that we may be born in Sin.*

To return to our box of Christmas cards in the rich, harsh, adventurous world of self-help of long ago. After our unselfish parents had extracted such of the cards as they required for their own modest social needs, my brother and I were allowed to do what we liked with the remainder. It both enabled us to shower Christmas greetings on our friends and relations of a kind which must have seemed strangely out of keeping with our nursery purses and to acquire a great deal of miscellaneous information in the process. In those days Christmas cards, however expensive and elaborate, were still mostly associated with their subject, or at least with the season of the year in which Christmas occurred; the vogue for distributing

volubility of a guide showing a party of half-crown visitors round a mid-twentieth-century stately home; so were great events in our long Christmas history, like Queen Philippa pleading for the Calais burghers or King John signing Magna Carta at the bidding of a Gladstonian Archbishop of Canterbury and a posse of saintlike barons wearing red-cross aprons over their armour. Holly and berry, it was true, were left to speak for themselves; so were rosy-cheeked chambermaids kissing Pickwickian old gentlemen under the mistletoe, and coy misses in high-waisted, Jane Austen frocks giving meaning glances in candle-lit ballrooms at handsome young subalterns fresh, but sartorially untarnished, from the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo or the field of Waterloo. It all raised one into a world of colour, romance and chivalry very different from one's humdrum nursery and schoolroom days and made one yearn to charge with Prince Rupert or rescue some nobly-born princess from cruel gaoler or stepfather, or to excel in some other knightly exercise:

High heart, high speech, high deeds
'mid honouring eyes.

Soon after the Christmas cards that pictorially prepared one both for Vanity Fair and for the Christmas Feast so improbably enshrined in its midst—for the best of all were of the Manger with its kneeling men and beasts and the Mother, still-eyed and wondering, watching her Child—came the arrival of the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*. There was usually, indeed, I imagine always, a splendid double-page in colour which could be framed and hung on the nursery wall; I particularly recall one in which a pair of runaway lovers were confronted in an inn on the road to Gretna Green by the bride's spurred and booted father while peeping grooms and kitchen-maids anxiously surveyed the scene through latticed windows and from round the corners of high-backed settees; it worried me greatly, and still does, that the artist left the enigma of the young couple's future unsettled, for I longed to know that the pretty weeping girl was united, after all, to her crestfallen but gallant

cavalier. Then there were pictures, though not in colour, of angels serenading children's cots; of aged and heavily-moustachioed cavaliers surveying, by the light of Yuletide logs, the armour in which they had fought in youth; of beautiful girls with bright eyes and splendid long ballroom dresses descending to the triumphs and homage of broken hearts awaiting them below; and of inevitable Elizabethans revelling by the light of torches. There was nearly always, too, a ghost-story, a Christmas at sea and a jolly romping children's party. It seems odd to reflect how long ago it all was, that the same pair of eyes that is peering at this pencilled page looked on these pictures in the days when our war-ridden, atomic century was still nursery-young and innocent, and that when they were drawn "Peter Pan" was still unperformed for the first time.

SIR WINSTON AT NUMBER 10.



THE PRIME MINISTER SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AFTER ENTERTAINING HIM TO LUNCH AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, ON DECEMBER 9. IT WAS ALMOST EXACTLY ONE YEAR SINCE SIR WINSTON LAST TOOK LUNCHEON WITH MR. MACMILLAN AT NUMBER 10. HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY LADY CHURCHILL.

mounted photographs of oneself and family or of one's home, if of sufficient distinction, had still to come and would, I think, have been regarded as rather shocking by even the most worldly in the jovial days of good King Edward. But within the Yuletide limits—and they were already wide—there was a wealth of history and geography to be gleaned from a study of Christmas cards. Many of them had explanatory notes inside, giving the context and date of the scene depicted on the cover, for the firm presided over by father's venerable and patriarchal old friend was nothing if not thorough; it was, indeed, the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace that had won it its commanding place in the world of stationery. And it insisted on giving its clients their full money's worth. Stage-coaches and ancient cities in the snow were described with a wealth of historical data and the conscientious

* "A Few Late Chrysanthemums." By John Betjeman. (John Murray), page 22.



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FIFTH REPUBLIC : THE SCENE AS THE NEWLY-ELECTED FRENCH DEPUTIES GATHERED IN THE CHAMBER TO ELECT THEIR PRESIDENT.

On December 9 the newly-elected National Assembly of the Fifth Republic gathered for their first meeting, many of the members being entirely "new men," with M. Soustelle's new party, the Neo-Gaullist U.N.R., by a long way the preponderant party, with 188 out of the total of 465 seats in metropolitan France. General de Gaulle attended the earlier part of the sitting and was given an ovation. Since this session was to last only three days and since it was expected before the Parliament met again in January the General would have been elected President of the Republic, this was probably his last appearance in the Palais Bourbon. Pending arrangements for the allocation

of the parties' seats, the Deputies sat in alphabetical order. The traditional welcoming speech was delivered by the oldest member, Canon Kir, the eighty-two-year-old priest who for many years has represented, and has been mayor of, Dijon. After this the Assembly proceeded to elect its President and after two ballots chose M. Chaban-Delmas (U.N.R.) by 355 votes against the 132 for M. Max Lejeune (Socialist) and the 16 for M. Grenier (Communist). The Independent, M. Paul Reynaud, had withdrawn his name just before the voting. M. Chaban-Delmas, who is a former Rugby football international, will be President for five years (or the life of the Legislature).

TWO DISASTERS; ATOMIC RESEARCH; AND OTHER TOPICS.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER TAKING A LOOK AT THE EXHIBITION OF TOY SOLDIERS THROUGHOUT THE AGES, WHICH HE OPENED ON DECEMBER 11.

This fascinating exhibition of toy soldiers was opened in Park Lane, London. The proceeds from the exhibition will go to the British Empire Cancer Campaign. Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer was until recently Chief of the Imperial General Staff.



AN EFFIGY OF DR. NKUMAH, PRIME MINISTER OF GHANA, SEEN IN THE WARDROBE DEPARTMENT OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S BEFORE IT WAS EXHIBITED.

On the left of the effigy of Dr. Nkrumah is Miss Mackay, who regularly broadcasts to Ghana on the overseas programme of the B.B.C. Dr. Nkrumah recently opened the African People's Conference.



ALL THAT REMAINED OF A MOTOR-CAR, IN WHICH THREE PEOPLE WERE KILLED, AFTER IT HAD BEEN HIT BY A SUGAR TANKER. This accident happened in Slough, Bucks, on the morning of December 11. A girl and a man travelling with the three dead people were seriously injured, but miraculously escaped death. The car was crushed by a 10-ton sugar-tanker on the Colnbrook by-pass at Slough, and was then hurled against a lamp standard.

(Right.)

ATOMIC RESEARCH AND POWER AT DOUNREAY, CAITHNESS: A NEW RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT ON THE NORTHERNMOST SHORES OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

This atomic research and development station was set up by the Industrial Group of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. It is planned to build large-scale reactor types suitable for producing electrical power for the future. One of these types is the fast fission breeder reactor which will produce 60 megawatts of heat in a reactor core no bigger than a dustbin. This reactor will burn pure fissile fuel. It will convert in a breeder blanket fertile material into new fuel at a rate exceeding that at which it burns the material. This fast breeder reactor will be housed in the hermetically sealed sphere which, as can be seen in this photograph, dominates the site. It is expected that the reactor may start to work during April of next year. The heat collected from the core of the reactor is transferred by a secondary heat exchanger to pure water which is converted into steam. The steam may be used to drive turbo-alternators. It may be re-condensed by sea-water and returned for further use.



THE FIRST VICKERS VANGUARD PROP-JET AIRLINER: PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE VICKERS WORKS AIRFIELD AT WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. THE UPPER PART OF THE TAIL-PLANE HAD STILL TO BE FITTED. The Vanguard's hangar is not tall enough to accommodate the tail-plane of the aircraft. It is therefore photographed on the runway of the Vickers-Armstrongs airfield at Weybridge. Apart from the tail-plane the Vanguard is complete. It is expected to make its first flight shortly.



THE ENGINE OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN AFTER IT HAD BEEN DERAILED BY AN EIGHT-HUNDRED-WEIGHT CRANE BUCKET: ONE PERSON WAS KILLED AND FORTY HURT. The engine of the 5.30 p.m. Liverpool Central to Manchester express is seen lying on its side after it struck the bucket of a crane which was operating on a bridge near Manchester on December 11. The 6.06 p.m. train from Manchester to Wigan crashed into the wreckage.



A TRICKY OPERATION IN A £3,500,000 BRIDGE-BUILDING FEAT AT AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND: FLOATING A COMPLETE SPAN OUT, PICK-A-BACK FASHION. (Photograph, White's Aviation Ltd.)



THE FIRST ATTEMPT HAD TO BE ABANDONED ON ACCOUNT OF BLUSTERY WEATHER, AND THE SPAN IS HERE RIDING OUT 30 M.P.H. WINDS ON NOVEMBER 30. (Photograph, White's Aviation Ltd.)



TRIUMPH. . . . ON DECEMBER 1, WITH STILL WEATHER AND A HIGH TIDE, THE PICK-A-BACK SPAN IS MOVED INTO POSITION AND LOWERED ON TO THE PIERS.

TRIUMPH IN A TRICKY OPERATION IN THE BIGGEST POST-WAR BRIDGE PROJECT IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: A 580-FT. SPAN FLOATED PICK-A-BACK INTO POSITION IN AUCKLAND HARBOUR, NEW ZEALAND.

On Oct. 29, 1954, the Bridge Authority of Auckland, New Zealand, signed a £3,465,000 contract with Dorman Long and Co., of Middlesbrough, and the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company to build a bridge across Auckland Harbour, linking the city of Auckland with the borough of Northcote—the biggest bridge-building project undertaken in the Southern Hemisphere for twenty years. It will be recalled that Dorman Long's built the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Work started early in 1955; and the last days of November this year saw the first attempt at an extremely tricky operation, floating out into position

on prepared piers a 580-ft.-long span weighing 1200 tons, carried pick-a-back on a substructure of similar construction. For this operation everything had to be exactly right, with a combination of a high morning tide and still weather conditions. Blustery winds foiled the first attempt, and the pier on November 30 had to ride out 30 m.p.h. winds. On December 1, however, conditions were right, and by early afternoon the 1200-ton span was firmly in place. With this complete the contractors can now speed ahead, and completion of the contract is expected in May, 1959.

GREECE, for a small country, is of considerable importance in international relations to-day. Most people are familiar with her position as regards the question of Cyprus, but her domestic affairs are less well known. The present situation is rooted in events of the Second World War. The resistance movement was of all political shades, but the left wing played a big part in it and the extreme left, full-blooded Communism, became a dominating element. The struggle that followed has been called "the bandit war," but this title, attributed to it by the forces of law and order, is inadequate as a description. The veritable armies which for long controlled a large proportion of the country may have behaved like bandits, but they were more formidable because they were inspired by the crusading zeal and fervour of militant Communism.

The power displayed near the frontiers of the Communist States to the north and the support afforded to the rebels by those countries will be recalled. It may not be so generally remembered that the strength of the rebellion was almost as great and temporary domination of the country almost as absolute, over a large part of the Peloponnese, where the movement got no such direct aid from outside. Knowledge of the aftermath is likely to be still narrower in this country. Greeks abducted as children have been returning, now in their teens, as fierce and aggressive Communists, to the dismay of their families, faced with a problem which appals them.

It was as a result of these events, unique in European countries which have remained outside the Iron Curtain, that the Communist Party was proscribed in Greece. It has since carried out intermittent infiltration and may have accomplished more in this line than has been discovered and reported by the security forces. The latest was announced on December 7. A number of arrests have been made. Trials for espionage will doubtless follow. These infiltrations have not been made for the purpose of stirring up immediate violence, but to re-establish the necessary underground links and to obtain information. Potentially they are very dangerous.

After the ban had been put on the Communist Party, the political and parliamentary group furthest to the left became the E.D.A. So far as I know, it has not been alleged that E.D.A. is wholly a Communist Party, but it has been frequently stated by members of the Government that E.D.A. contains purely Communist members and that it comes under outside Communist influence. This time the Under-Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior declared that he was in possession of evidence that E.D.A. "leaders" took their orders from Communist chiefs abroad and that these orders were in effect those of a foreign Power. It was a curious situation. The E.D.A. leader, a very cool hand, was in his place in the Chamber and retorted with sarcastic comment that the Government was trying to cover up a failure in New York over the Cyprus issue.

It need hardly be said that E.D.A. is at one with the bulk of the Opposition in declaring that the Government has been hopelessly weak, if not traitorous, in its support of the Greek Cypriots. Without this plank in its platform the party would not have obtained the considerable backing it received at the last general election. Britons do

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. POLITICAL TRIBULATIONS IN GREECE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

not always believe me when I tell them that no Greek Government could survive if it did not support the aspirations of the Greek Cypriots because their cause is embraced by virtually the whole country, public opinion as well as parties. When, however, pressure of this sort comes from a pro-Communist political party—one which must have been discussed as possibly liable to proscription itself—which is exploiting the Government's restraint and posing as the champion of liberty,

to succeed, Venizelos being the son of the greatest Greek statesman of modern times and himself one of the most adroit of politicians, and Papandreou almost the last of the great orators; but their rivalry is also a factor in this deadlock in Greek Liberalism.

The Liberals have in the past been just as active as E.D.A. in accusing the Government of half-heartedness, if not worse, over Cyprus, and Venizelos made a practice of summoning it to resign—a political convention, since he and everybody else knew that it had no intention of so doing and no reason for such a suicide. Members of the Government felt that the accusations made against it were wholly unjust. At the same time they could not fail to be aware of the immense importance of Liberalism to Greece and the danger at a time like the present of its becoming weakened and ineffective. When the junior Minister who made the disclosures about the Communist underground called on those who had supported E.D.A. as a Greek and democratic party to revise their opinions, he was as good as bidding them join any party which was actually Greek and democratic.

The Government had, a few days earlier, suffered, if not a rebuff, at least a serious disappointment in the General Assembly of the United Nations. This has brought a new embarrassment, a sharp rise in anti-American feeling, as a result of the complete absence of American support for any of the resolutions which made the slightest appeal to Greece. And anti-American sentiment automatically increases the pressure on Greek links with N.A.T.O. which has long been apparent. I trust this crisis will be surmounted, but there is no blinking the fact that the risk of a Greek walk-out has grown. This would be a disaster.

The General Assembly is one of the least likely sources of a straight answer to a straight question in the world of to-day. It specialises in banalities and clichés, but with its eyes open: not merely is it true to say that its resolutions usually mean nothing; one must also realise that they are not meant to mean anything. In this respect the compromise resolution which prevailed was no worse than many others have been. In fact, if its wording were to be taken literally, it would suffice. An agreed solution of the Cyprus problem would assuredly be desirable, but since the Government of the United Kingdom apparently considers that this is, for the time being, impracticable the prospects of action being taken on this resolution are not good.

If the British Government feels that there is no alternative to the partnership plan and that of the United States offers it full moral support, the combination will certainly be a strong one. These

two great Powers must, however, recognise the risks. One is that a breach will develop in the Greek political centre and that elements of the extreme left will to a large extent fill it. The other is that pressure of all opinion, right-wing included, will force the Government to abandon at least some of its links with N.A.T.O. Many Greeks thought it would be madness to do so without waiting for the debate in the United Nations. This having brought Greece such cold comfort and the possible reactions being limited in number, it would not be surprising if some of them now changed their mind. I trust they will be wise enough not to do so.



YOUR LAST CHANCE TO ORDER THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": TWENTY-THREE PAGES IN FULL COLOUR, INCLUDING THIS BEAUTIFUL DRAWING BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.

This superb study by François Boucher, "Head of a Young Woman," is one of four illustrations in this year's Christmas Number which are magnificently reproduced in special colour photolithography. There are also nineteen other colour pages with subjects as diverse as King Charles' playing-cards, Roman paintings from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and a double-page on turkeys of the world. In addition, there are three illustrated stories, a group of Phil May drawings, and the legend of the Christmas tree. The cover is inset with Filippino Lippi's "Rest on the Flight Into Egypt." It can still be obtained at all leading bookstalls and newsagents, price 4s., or from the Publisher (Dept. LN, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2) for 4s. 6d. post free—but this is the very last chance.

that Government is placed in a peculiarly unpleasant position.

Meanwhile the whole political centre, the Greek Liberal Party with its great tradition, has fallen into an unhappy plight. A phrase made familiar by nuclear physics, "fission-fusion-fission," affords a good illustration of its recent behaviour. The details are of no interest except to Greeks. Suffice it to say that two chiefs who were formerly twin leaders after a patched-up settlement, Messrs. Sophocles Venizelos and Papandreou, have resigned, and that the Liberals have been unable to elect a new leader. They are certainly hard

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THESE ARE THE BADLANDS OF ALBERTA: A GRAVEYARD OF DINOSAURS, WHERE THE PRAIRIE IS ERODED INTO HILLOCKS AND WATER COURSES, EXPOSING THE DINOSAURS' BONES.



THE BEST-KNOWN ANIMAL IN CALGARY: DINNY THE DINOSAUR. THE FIRST AND STILL THE BIGGEST OF MR. JOHN KANERVA'S REPRODUCTIONS, IT IS 65 FT. LONG.



THE FLESH-EATING CERATOSAURUS: ANOTHER OF THE FORTY-THREE LIFE-SIZE DINOSAUR MODELS IN THE CALGARY ZOO, ON ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND IN THE BOW RIVER.



CORYTHOSAURUS, A CRESTED DUCK-BILLED DINOSAUR, RANGED THROUGH WHAT IS NOW ALBERTA ROUGHLY 65,000,000 YEARS AGO. IT ATE ALMOST ANYTHING AND WAS A FINE SWIMMER.

ALBERTA, CANADA. A DINOSAUR ZOO: THE ASTONISHING CREATION OF A CABINET-MAKER AND HIS SON.

The age of reptiles on land, and chiefly of dinosaurs, lasted from roughly 180,000,000 years to 70,000,000 years ago. The latest, and perhaps the most important, period of this gigantic era was called the Cretaceous. And no part of the world has produced so many Cretaceous skeletons as the area round the Red Deer River in Central Alberta. For this reason the citizens of Calgary, capital of Alberta, commissioned a talented cabinet-maker, Mr. John Kanerva, to create a full-scale model of a *Brontosaurus*.

This was in 1935. The model proved so popular that Mr. Kanerva was asked to fashion more dinosaurs, and a part of the Calgary Zoo was set aside for them. There are now forty-three models. Mr. Kanerva, a Finnish-born Canadian, is aged seventy-six, and has made this modelling his life work. He is helped in it by his son, Bill. Among other exhibits he has sculptured huge turtles (*Palæoscincus*) and the Pterodactyl, the bird whose leathery wings resembled those of a bat.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Above.)

WEST GERMANY. AN UNUSUAL FORM OF TRANSPORT ON THE SEASHORE: A DOG-SLED, USED BY A SHORE FISHERMAN ON HIS DAILY ROUNDS AT CUXHAVEN.

Twice a day this old fisherman, with two colleagues, makes his way across the sands on his dog-sled—as his forbears have done for many years—to gather fish from his fishing baskets exposed by the receding North Sea tide.

(Left.)

MOBILE, ALA-BAMA, U.S.A. NEW RAILS ON OLD: A GOODS TRAIN CARRYING 1-MILE LENGTHS OF A NEW TYPE OF RAILWAY RAIL.

A new type of continuous welded railway rail, made in 1-mile lengths of flexible steel, has been produced by Chemtron Corporation. (A 34-truck load of them is seen above gracefully negotiating a bend in the track.) The new rails are designed to save considerable maintenance costs of track and rolling stock.



WEST GERMANY. BOMBS INTO BELLS: BOMBS WHICH FAILED TO EXPLODE AFTER BEING DROPPED IN WARTIME RAIDS ON PFORZHEIM HAVE NOW BEEN CONVERTED TO SERVE A PEACEFUL PURPOSE AS BELLS IN A CHURCH AT THE SMALL TOWN OF WIERNSEIM.



MOBILE, U.S.A. THE NEW TYPE OF RAIL, ILLUSTRATED TO THE LEFT, COMPARED WITH THE EXISTING TYPE OF BOLTED RAIL.



CHINA LAKE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. "RAPEC"—ROCKET-ASSISTED PERSONNEL EJECTION CATAPULT—A NEW SEAT-EJECTION SYSTEM FOR U.S. NAVY PILOTS, IS BEING DEVELOPED AT THE U.S. NAVY ORDNANCE TEST STATION AT CHINA LAKE. "RAPEC" CAN SAFELY EJECT THE PILOT AT GROUND-LEVEL OR HIGH ALTITUDES.

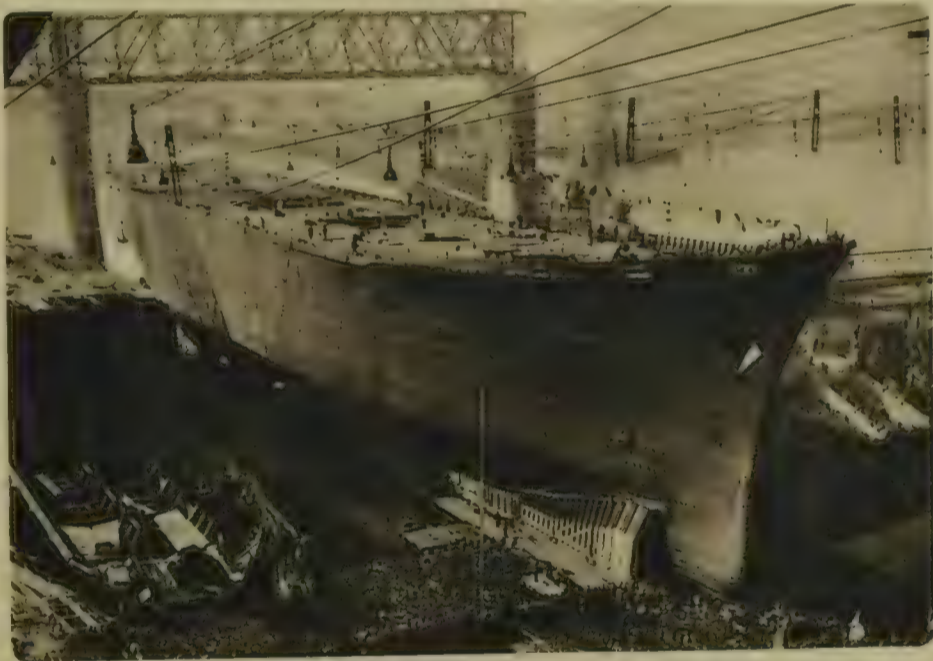


WISCASSET, MAINE, U.S.A. VISITORS AT A 4½ X 7-FT. CHAPEL, CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S SMALLEST CHURCH. IT WAS BUILT BY A RETIRED BAPTIST MINISTER, THE REV. LOUIS W. WEST. THE STEEPLE IS TOPPED BY A GOLF BALL, AS MR. WEST BELIEVES THAT GOLF BRINGS MAN NEARER TO HIS MAKER.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY. *KOLN*, THE FIRST TO BE LAUNCHED OF THE SIX FAST ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATES WHICH ARE THE FIRST TO BE BUILT BY WEST GERMANY SINCE THE WAR. SHE IS OF 1700 TONS AND SOME 350 FT. IN LENGTH.



GENOA, ITALY. *LEONARDO DA VINCI*, ITALY'S BIGGEST LINER, SEEN JUST BEFORE SHE WAS LAUNCHED BY SIGNORA GRONCHI ON DECEMBER 7. The new flagship of the Italian passenger fleet, the 32,500-ton *Leonardo da Vinci*, was launched at Genoa by Signora Gronchi, the wife of the President. The keel was laid in June 1957, and the liner will carry 1300 passengers.



VENICE, ITALY. "WHAT NEWS FROM THE RIALTO?" NO LESS THAN A QUARTET OF ELEPHANTS, WHO HAVE JUST CROSSED THE FAMOUS BRIDGE AND ARE CONTINUING THEIR SEDATE STROLL BESIDE THE CANALS.



VANCOUVER, CANADA. "FULL CHAINS COMPULSORY"—AFTER THE 9-IN. FALL OF SNOW, WHICH STRUCK VANCOUVER ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 6-7. HEAVY SNOWS STRUCK EASTERN ONTARIO ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE THIS.



OFF JAFFA, ISRAEL. THE ISRAELI POLICE LAUNCH, WHOSE RADAR SCREEN DETECTED TWO SWIMMERS IN THE DUSK—AND SO LED TO THEIR RESCUE. Recently, as dusk was falling, the officers of this police launch noticed two unexplained echoes on their Kelvin Hughes Type 2C radar screen. The echoes persisting, they investigated, and were thus able to rescue two exhausted swimmers from a capsized boat half a mile away.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



MOSCOW. DELEGATES REPRESENTING MORE THAN 2500 SOVIET WRITERS OPENING A CONGRESS TO FORM A NEW WRITERS' UNION. AT THE CONGRESS THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING RUSSIAN AUTHOR, BORIS PASTERNAK, WAS CONDEMNED AS A "TRAITOR."



GHANA. THE OPENING SESSION OF THE ALL-AFRICAN PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE IN ACCRA, GHANA, ON DECEMBER 8. 200 DELEGATES FROM 25 COUNTRIES ATTENDED.



GHANA. THE COMMUNITY CENTRE IN ACCRA, SITE OF THE ALL-AFRICAN PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE. FLAGS OF SOME OF THE 25 PARTICIPATING NATIONS CAN BE SEEN. The important background to the All-African People's Conference, which opened in Accra, Ghana, on December 8, was the plan for a form of union between Ghana and the former French dependency of Guinea. Dr. Nkrumah opened the conference.



IRAQ. THIS PICTURE, DELAYED BEFORE IT LEFT BAGHDAD, SHOWS SUPPORTERS OF THE PRESENT REGIME DEMANDING THE DEATH SENTENCE ON THE FORMER PREMIER. The photograph was taken near the Military Court where the trial of ex-Premier Fadhil Jamali, the ex-Chief of Staff General Rafik Arif, and his Deputy, Major-General Ghazi El-Daghastani, were standing trial for their lives and were, in fact, condemned to death.



EGYPT. PRESIDENT NASSER OF THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC (RIGHT) OFFERS PRESIDENT TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA (LEFT) A CIGARETTE BEFORE TALKS STARTED ON DEC 5. When this picture was taken, President Tito had just arrived in Egypt for talks with President Nasser at the start of his goodwill tour of the Middle East and Asia. The talks took place mainly in the Suez Canal Authority Building, Port Said.

CHINA PAST AND PRESENT.

"FLOOD TIDE IN CHINA." By C. P. FITZGERALD.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS is quite one of the most interesting books about China that has come my way. Its author is Professor in Far Eastern History in the Australian National University in Canberra, and in consequence his approach to his subject is from the historical standpoint, which few writers have successfully attempted where China is concerned since J. O. P. Bland in the earlier years of the century. It is true that some of his conclusions may not meet with universal approval, least of all in official circles in Washington, but that is beside the point, for it is his analysis which is the really important feature of this volume. Why did the Chinese accept Communism so readily? One often hears that question asked; the answer is in these pages.

The Professor sees in the years between the fall of the Manchus in 1912 and the arrival of the Communists in power in 1949—known as the "Liberation" in official quarters—a parallel with the chaos which has always marked Chinese history when one dynasty was giving place to another, but with this difference—the Nationalists made a deliberate break with the past, and so disrupted the whole social system of the country. They then proved unable to put anything in its place; they showed themselves incompetent administrators; and finally they proved quite unable to defend China against the Japanese invader. Two classes suffered most from this state of affairs, the bureaucracy and the peasants.

From time immemorial the scholar-bureaucrat had governed the country, and a change of dynasty made little difference to him. The founders of dynasties were usually soldiers of fortune who rose to power in times of disorder, and once they were seated on the throne they had no desire to see their example followed by others, so they reduced their forces, depressed the power of their generals, and turned to the scholars, the only educated section of the community, to reconstruct the Civil Service and administer the empire in the time-honoured way.

The Kuomintang did none of these things, and so the scholars began to listen to the Communists. What had happened in Russia was not as repulsive to them as it was to us in the West, and they were impressed by the transformation of a decadent absolutism apparently like their own into a powerful industrial state whose voice was heard with respect all over the world. Then, as Professor Fitzgerald puts it,

The authoritarian character of the Soviet system troubled them less, since their own experience for centuries had been to live under and work for an absolute monarchy whose power was limited more by its inefficiency than by its lack of pretensions. As the official class they had always run the risk of suffering the violent penalties of imperial disfavour, and such eventualities were an accepted part of their tradition. The Empire might have been weak, but it was never so weak that it could not at will decapitate and destroy its own servants.

The Communist leaders, with the example of Russia before them, were prepared to meet this class half-way, provided its members accepted Marxist principles, so there was no purge of the intellectuals *à la Russe*, and the reply of the scholars was, "It cannot be worse than before,

it is at least something that has not been tried before. Let us see what they do."

At the other end of the scale in old China were the peasants, who from time to time would make their grievances felt by rising in revolt. The author gives several instances of this from the Yellow Turbans who brought the Han Dynasty down at the end of the second century to the T'ai P'ing Heavenly King, who failed to overthrow the Manchus owing to the possibly short-sighted opposition of the British Government, which sent General Gordon to the aid of Peking. The Kuomintang did not hesitate to shoot down the peasants with modern weapons, so it was not difficult for Mao Tse-tung to win them to his side.

The result was that the Chinese Communist revolution was very different in essentials from the Russian. To quote the author again:

The fundamental difference between the history of the Russian and the Chinese Communist Parties, and the revolutions they have directed, lies in their relations to the peasants. The Russian revolution was effected by the combination of a war-weary, defeated army and the urban working-class. It was rapid; power was seized within a matter of days, and thereafter consolidated in civil war which lasted for only a few years. In China the Communist Party after the break with

he set up an independent monarchy of his own. Owing to lack of sea-power the victorious Manchus could not reach him, while equally he could not reconquer the mainland; so two Chinas came into existence, just as there are to-day, and neither would admit the legality of the other. It only remains to add that this state of affairs lasted for twenty-five years, when the Manchus managed to gain possession of the island in consequence of internal dissensions.

With regard to the Chinese attitude towards the West there would appear to be little fundamental change. Xenophobia was never far below the surface, with its sneers at "foreign devils" and its allegations that foreigners smelt of sheep. In the new China this dislike is tinged with contempt, and it is not difficult to see why this should be the case. The untravelled Chinese have only seen Western civilisation at its worst, that is to say, in ports such as Shanghai, on the film, in the gutter Press, and in pornographic literature. In spite of Macaulay's picture of Indian rajahs and Chinese mandarins spending their time "chewing *bang* and fondling concubines"—in the case of the mandarins

smoking opium must surely be substituted for the first of these accomplishments—these habits were limited to a very small circle, for the real Asia is, and always has been, austere. "It must therefore be considered as possible," says the author, "that the new Puritanism, the asexual character of Chinese social life to-day, is not so much new and characteristic of the Communist régime as a re-emergence of Chinese values which, although always held by the majority of the Chinese people, have been overlaid

by the temporary dominance of Western fashions."

In writing this book Professor Fitzgerald has the advantage not only of being thoroughly familiar with the history of China, but also of being able to speak from personal knowledge of the state of the country under Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung. He seems to take it for granted that the present régime will last, and he is clearly too great an authority on all matters Chinese to be discarded lightly as a prophet; but with the 2000 years of China's history as a guide, and in view of the way in which her people have always taken their conquerors captive, it is impossible to repress the thought that although China may still be officially Marxist in another hundred years, it may well be a very different form of Marxism from that which obtains to-day.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1112 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: PROFESSOR C. P. FITZGERALD.

C. P. Fitzgerald, who is Professor in Far Eastern History in the Australian National University, Canberra, is the author of five books about China. Six years ago, in his book "Revolution in China," he considered the causes which had brought the Communists to power in that country. In his new book, reviewed here, he examines the state of the country and its government now that Communist rule has been applied for six years. He also discusses the effects of Communism upon literature, art and archaeology. Among Professor Fitzgerald's other works are, "China: a Short Cultural History" and "The Empress Wu."



CELEBRATING THEIR MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL: YOUNG ABORIGINES OF THE AMI TRIBE OF FORMOSA SEEN ON THE ONLY ANNUAL OCCASION ON WHICH THEY ARE ALLOWED TO WEAR THEIR ANCESTRAL FEATHERS. THE ABORIGINES, WHO ARE MOSTLY FARMERS, LIVE A LIFE SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

the Nationalist régime in 1927, fought a guerrilla campaign for twenty-two years before achieving final victory. During this long struggle it had no city of any importance within its power, no direct contact with the Chinese industrial working-class, was based wholly upon rural and mountainous regions, survived only through the support it received from the peasant population.

On the evidence of these pages the new China resembles the old in that it is still a land of startling paradoxes. The Emperor Kuang Hsu, for instance, who died in 1908, had a younger brother Prince Tsai T'ao, who in the last days of the monarchy was for a short time Chief of the General Staff Council: His Imperial Highness is now Director of the National Stud, People's Deputy for the Manchu Minority, and stands well with Mao Tse-tung. It would be difficult to imagine a Romanoff Grand Duke holding an official appointment in Soviet Russia to-day, and being the member of a body that is equivalent to the national Parliament.

What is less surprising is that in the case of a nation with so long a history as that of China there should be a precedent for practically everything, including the present situation in Formosa. Professor Fitzgerald tells us that after the fall of the Ming Dynasty in 1644 one of its leading supporters fled to Formosa, where



GIRLS LOOKING LIKE BRIDESMAIDS AS THEY CHAT TOGETHER DURING THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE FORMOSAN ABORIGINES. THE AMI TRIBE, WHOSE MEMBERS ARE PICTURED HERE, LIVE IN HAULIEN, A COUNTY OF EASTERN FORMOSA. THE MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL IS A THANKSGIVING DAY OF SINGING, DANCING AND FEASTING.

These two photographs are not reproduced from the book under review.

* "Flood Tide in China." By C. P. Fitzgerald. (The Cresset Press; 25s.)

DIRECT HEATING OF HOUSES AND OFFICES: A NEW SWEDISH PROJECT.



LOOKING OUT ACROSS LAKE MALAREN: THE HUGE CRANE—TAKING 8 TONS OF COAL PER LIFT—AT THE NEW HEATING AND POWER STATION.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CRANE, SHOWING THE BASIN IN WHICH COAL IS STORED IN THE WATER FOR BETTER PRESERVATION.

AT the Stockholm suburb of Hässelby Strand situated near the large and beautiful Lake Mälaren to the west of the Swedish capital—one of Sweden's biggest and latest heating and power stations now stands nearly completed. The new plant will provide district heating—distributing heat directly in the form of piped hot water—for some thousands of homes, and many office and industrial buildings. This modern system of heating, relieving householders of the cares of keeping their homes warm, is very much more widely used in such places as Russia, the United States and continental European countries, where prolonged cold periods are experienced regularly each winter, than in Britain. One of the few British examples of district heating is the Pimlico scheme in London. At Hässelby Strand the fuel will be either coal or oil, unloaded at a quay formed by three of the concrete moles used in the invasion of Normandy in 1944.

(Right.) THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE HIGHLY AUTOMATIC SYSTEM: THE CONTROL ROOM.



A VIEW OF THE EXPENSIVE MACHINERY USED FOR PURIFYING WASTE GASES AND THUS AVOIDING SMOKE NUISANCE IN NEARBY RESIDENTIAL AREAS.



THE STILL INCOMPLETE TURBINE HALL, SEEN FROM ONE OF THE INSPECTION POINTS IN THE CONTROL ROOM.



THE NEW HEATING AND POWER PLANT NEAR STOCKHOLM: STORAGE TANKS FOR HOT WATER TO HEAT 16,000 HOMES.

These towers—each of them just under 100 ft. high—are used for storing the hot water for the new district heating scheme near Stockholm. The water, heated at the heating and power plant at Hässelby Strand, is to be distributed to warm 16,000 homes and numerous offices and industrial buildings by means of heat culverts. The coal which will be used for fuel will be unloaded by a crane—one of the largest in Stockholm—which is capable of

carrying 8 tons in each lift. In order to prevent smoke and gas spreading among nearby residential areas a large sum of money has been spent on a modern filtering plant. The building containing the boilers, the turbine hall, and other buildings are ranged on the hillside rising from the lake, while nearer the water is a seven-storey office block standing on pillars. This important new project is due to come into operation next month.

VIVID MOMENTS CAPTURED BY THE EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHER: PRIZE-WINNING ENTRIES IN THIS YEAR'S PRESS PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPHER: PRIZE-WINNING ENTRIES IN OF THE YEAR COMPETITION.



[Left.] "DARWIN'S THEORY," BY DERYK G. WILLS, LEICESTER MERCURY, WHO WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE FEATURE CATEGORY.



[Right.] "DE GAULLE IS WILLING"—GENERAL DE GAULLE PROCLAIMING HIS WILLINGNESS TO ASSUME THE POWERS OF THE REPUBLIC DURING THE FRENCH CRISIS IN MAY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY F. W. REED, DAILY MIRROR, WHO WON THE JOINT SECOND AWARD IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY OF THE BRITISH PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR COMPETITION.



JOINT 2ND AWARD, NEWS CATEGORY: "MOMENT OF IMPACT," BY ARTHUR TANNER, DAILY HERALD.



[Right.] JOINT SECOND AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY: "THE PRICE OF FAME," BY HARRY BENSON, DAILY SKETCH, GLASGOW—MR. BUTLER AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



"UNWILLINGLY BACK TO SCHOOL," BY HARRY BENSON, DAILY SKETCH, GLASGOW, WHO WON THE JOINT SECOND AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.



"NEVER MIND THE BALL," BY HARRY BENSON, DAILY SKETCH, GLASGOW, WHO WON THE JOINT SECOND AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY: AN ARGUMENT ABOUT A PENALTY IN A SOCCER MATCH IN WHICH THE PROSTRATE, INJURED GOALKEEPER TAKES NO PART.



[Left.] "IT MAKES YOUR HAIR STAND ON END," BY BRIAN THOMAS, SPORT AND GENERAL PRESS AGENCY, THIS PHOTOGRAPH—SHOWING G. PARKER, LEFT, HITTING B. HOWLETS WITH A LEFT HOOK DURING THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION BOXING FINALS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL—WON THE JOINT SECOND AWARD IN THE SPORTS CATEGORY.

[Right.] "THE LITTLE PICASSO," BY JOHN FRATT, KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY, WHO WON AN HONOURABLE MENTION IN THE SEQUENCE CATEGORY. THIS THREE-YEAR-OLD ARTIST EXHIBITED IN THE THAMES EMBANKMENT EXHIBITION.



THE JOINT SECOND AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY: "JOCKEYING FOR POSITION," BY F. W. REED, DAILY MIRROR.

[Left.] "SMILING TRY," BY BERT COULTHURST, NEWS CHRONICLE, MANCHESTER, WHICH WON THE FIRST AWARD, SPORTS CATEGORY.



MORTON, OF DARLINGTON, SCORES HIS TEAM'S THIRD GOAL AGAINST CHELSEA AT STAMFORD BRIDGE—"MORTON'S HAT-TRICK," BY R. BURTON, KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY, WHO WON FIRST AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.

[Continued.] the eleventh annual contest sponsored by Encyclopaedia Britannica and the Institute of British Photographers, has again attracted a fine entry from Press Photographers throughout the British Commonwealth and Ireland. The Competition is organised in seven categories, and on these two pages we show some of the prize-winning entries. The 123 black-and-white prints selected as being the best entered will be exhibited throughout Great Britain, Australia and South Africa during 1959.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH REFRESHING HIMSELF DURING POLO AT COWDRAY PARK: "CHUCKA BOTTLE OF WATER," BY DENNIS D. HART, LIVING NEWS, LONDON—SECOND AWARD, ROYAL CATEGORY.



A DELICATE BUT COLOSSAL FEAT OF ENGINEERING IN THE HEART OF LONDON: DEMOLISHING THE 1800-TON ROOF OF CANNON STREET STATION—HALF-WAY THROUGH THE OPERATION.

The ninety-two-year-old iron and glass roof of Cannon Street Station, in the City of London, was badly damaged during the war; and it has since provided little shelter and protection to the thousands of Londoners who use it every day. This, together with extensive rusting, made repairs and reconditioning impracticable and in 1957 it was decided to demolish the framework. The contractors, Messrs. Cozens and Sutcliffe, Ltd., began work on April 8, 1958, and by November 8, when our Artist made this drawing, about half the roof had been removed. The principal means used in this operation was a huge

gantry, which, as can be seen in the drawing, rests on a central member on the central platform and also on the massive outer walls of the station. Work was begun at the nearer (river) end of the station and, as one main truss after another was removed by the four great cranes, the gantry was moved further inwards and northwards. But at about the point showing in the drawing the gantry could go no further forward without demolishing the temporary offices over the platform. Even if these were demolished, progress would be dangerous, as from this point the central platform is carried on a bridge over Upper

Thames Street, and this bridge might not be strong enough to carry the additional 400-ton weight of the gantry. The problem has been solved in a most interesting way. The remaining spans of the roof are being mounted on ball-bearings in tracks on the top of the outer walls of the station and then hauled southwards along the wall-tops towards the river; and there cut up from the gantry and removed as scrap. On the western side the roof already rests on bearings, but they are cylindrical bearings working east-west to allow of the roof's expansion with heat, and these have had to be replaced with ball-bearings

(of 3-in. diam.) working north to south; while a new bearing system has had to be created on the east wall-top. This process is repeated until all the roof members have been removed. Work on this project has been confined (owing to the use of the station) to the hours of 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on weekdays and then continuously from 4 p.m. on Saturdays until 3 a.m. on Monday mornings. Despite these inconveniences and the difficulties of the job, the work has proceeded to schedule and by mid-January the last roof-trusses should be removed and taken away, and it will only remain to dismantle the gantry.

Drawn by Our Special Artist, Dennis Flinders.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ON GROWING A WALKING-STICK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



ALTHOUGH the olive, *Olea europæa*, may not be reliably hardy in all parts of Britain, it is probably a good deal hardier than many people suppose. In view of its picturesque appearance and interesting associations it is a tree—or shrub—which is well worth giving a trial by anyone who likes growing things for reasons other than their professional beauty. The main trouble for anyone wishing to give the olive a trial might be the question of where to obtain a specimen. For some odd reason the majority of nurserymen do not seem to stock it. I have looked through a fairly comprehensive range of catalogues, and so far have failed to find one that offers olives. Yet there must be hundreds of gardens in districts where the olive might quite safely be grown, gardens whose owners would be delighted to be reminded of those picturesque grey-leaved trees which are so characteristic of the Mediterranean countries. The first olive-tree that I ever saw growing in the open air in this country was in the old Chelsea Physic Garden, but was a huge bush rather than a tree, with many stems springing from ground-level to a height of perhaps a dozen feet or so. I said that it was the first I ever saw, but, as a matter of fact, it is the only specimen I have ever met in the open air in this country.

Bean says that the olive can only be cultivated out-of-doors in this country in the mildest districts, but he relates that it has borne fruit in Lord Mount Edgcumbe's garden near Plymouth, and at several other places in the south-west. Bean tells, too, of a specimen grown on a south wall at Kew, and says quite rightly that in such a position it is only worth growing for its interest.

For many years I have grown a tiny olive-tree in a pot rather in the manner of the dwarfed Japanese trees. It winters in an unheated greenhouse, and sits around in the open air during the summer months, coming into the house from time to time as a grotesque little ornament which seldom fails to arouse admiration for its appearance of gnarled antiquity, though its age can not be more than twenty-five or thirty years. This little tree was originally struck as a cutting which was given to me by the then curator of the Chelsea Physic Garden, and meanwhile I have struck several cuttings from my old original tree. One which is less than a quarter the size of its aged parent is a truly engaging four-year-old, and promises to develop real character.

But a specimen of which I have great hopes promises to provide me eventually with a walking-stick. It is, I think, four or five years old from the cutting stage, and I intended to plant it out in open ground in some sheltered corner of my garden. I planned to test it to see how hardy—

or otherwise—an olive-tree would be here in the Cotswolds. But life in a good-sized pot in the cold greenhouse pleased *Olea europæa* so much that it suddenly threw up a vigorous stem, bolt upright and straight as a ramrod. By this autumn it had reached walking-stick height, and it was then that I hit upon the walking-stick idea. But let me explain.

Rather more than half a century ago my father, returning from a Mediterranean cruise, brought me from the island of Corfu a walking-stick made of olive wood. It had a comfortable handle, carved into what seemed to be some archaic bird with a powerful-pointed bill. To my grief I one day left it in a train, and it was found doubtless by some malefactor who prized it as greatly as I had. A bitter blow. However,

tree to thicken up to a good practical walking-stick stoutness.

I have a great fondness for walking-sticks, and in the course of years have accumulated quite an amusing and varied collection. Some of them I seldom or never use. Many of them are either too grotesque or too murderous. But one or two comfortable favourites I use continually. It would seem that the use of walking-sticks by men has in recent years largely gone out of fashion. But that is one of the many fashions by which I have not been influenced. I like to carry a stick on the briefest, most trivial walk. And often, even if I am setting out on a small run by car, I find myself turning back to fetch my walking-stick. I feel half-dressed and defenceless without it.

Not that I have often had to use it in hot blood. Twice I have been set upon by brutish dogs. In such case the technique is simple, and deadly effective. A backhand swipe at their shins. Instantly they are completely demoralised—and are no more seen—merely heard, as they beat it for the horizon like the curs they probably are. I have been told, too, by an expert in "unarmed combat," that the swipe at the shins with a walking-stick is the answer to give to an aggressive, ugly customer—if you do not happen to be a ju-jitsu expert or to be carrying a revolver.

My fondness for walking-sticks derives, I feel sure, from a very favourite uncle with whom I loved staying as a small boy. To explain the sort of uncle he was let me give an example of the sort of entertainment he provided. On one visit he called me each morning by a

fresh reveille, always a different one, and always fantastic and surprising, just outside my bedroom door. First it was the hall gong, then it was a powerful handbell, next morning an absurd little invalid's handbell, then a policeman's rattle, next a symphony on a collection of fire-irons, and the next morning gentle music from an immense musical-box. How I revelled as a very small boy in those simple entertainments. But it was my uncle's immense collection of walking-sticks, knobkerries and clubs that especially enchanted me. Among the clubs was a deadly-looking one, all rough nobbles and cracks, with—a relic of the last time it was used in battle—a human hair, embedded in a deep crack in the wood. I used to go and study it with awe, and then one fatal morning I could not resist taking the grizzly hair between finger and thumb, and—oh, horror—it came away from its crevice in my hand. After much careful adjustment I got the hair back, but not exactly as it had been originally. But my crime was never detected. It was not until many, many years later that I realised that that fascinating hair, relic of some terrible aboriginal head-bashing, was one of my uncle's most successful leg-pulls. Nevertheless, that collection of sticks and clubs was the origin and foundation of a lifelong addiction to walking-sticks.



ONE OF "THOSE PICTURESQUE GREY-LEAVED TREES WHICH ARE SO CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRIES": AN OLIVE-TREE IN THE GROVE WHICH LOOKS DOWN ON SIDERA, IN THE ISLE OF CORFU. This photograph was taken recently in a lovely olive grove which extends across a number of hills above Sidra, Corfu. This island is now called by the Greeks Kerkyra, but the capital of it, Corfu City, retains its name. Sidra, a small but popular village with splendid bathing beaches, lies a few miles to the north of Corfu City.

I have a long memory—for some things, and the sight of my young olive-tree, half a century later, at once suggested the joyous plan for replacing my long-lost olive stick from Corfu with another, of my own growing. It will take probably another couple of years for the trunk of my young *Olea*

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AT GREENWICH: RESTORING THE FAMOUS CEILING OF THE PAINTED HALL.



A DETAIL, PART OF WHICH SHOWS A FIGURE REPRESENTING ARCHITECTURE, HOLDING A DRAWING OF PART OF THE HOSPITAL AND POINTING UP TO THE ROYAL FOUNDERS WITH HER LEFT HAND.

EARLIER this year, artist restorers of the Ministry of Works began work on cleaning and restoring the huge ceiling of the Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. It is the first time the 105 by 46-ft. ceiling has been scientifically cleaned and restored since it was painted by Sir James Thornhill in the early part of the eighteenth century, although various cleaning and restoration operations have been carried out from time to time in the interval. A sample of the ceiling has now been finished, and it is hoped the ceiling of the Main Hall will be completed by next Easter. Work will then begin on the ceiling and walls of the Upper Hall, which should be completed by Easter 1960. A major part of the work has been the removal of layers of varnish. After cleaning and re-touching, the painting is being covered with a film of wax, which will be relatively easy to remove if cleaning should again become necessary. Photographs illustrating the progress of the present restoration can be seen at the Royal Naval College. The central figures of Thornhill's composition are William and Mary, who founded the Hospital—now the Royal Naval College—at Greenwich. Below the two figures is one representing Architecture, and below her Pallas (Wisdom) and Hercules (Heroic Virtue) are destroying the Vices, which are shown falling to Earth.

Ministry of Works photographs: Crown Copyright Reserved.



(Above.) A VIEW OF THE PAINTED HALL AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, BEFORE SCAFFOLDING WAS ERECTED FOR THE RESTORATION WORK.

(Left.) THE CENTRAL FIGURES OF THORNHILL'S GREAT COMPOSITION: WILLIAM AND MARY, WHO FOUNDED THE HOSPITAL AT GREENWICH AND TO WHOM THE PAINTING IS DEDICATED.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A DETROIT EXHIBITION.

THE Detroit Institute of Arts has gathered together, partly from American sources, partly from European, a remarkable loan exhibition of the Decorative Arts of the Italian Renaissance, covering the two centuries from 1400 to 1600. To twist a famous phrase, the old world has been called in to restore the balance of the new, for of the 450 objects in the exhibition, more than 120, and these by no means the least important, have been lent from European collections, among them the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Louvre, the Rijksmuseum and the museums of Italy. The result is clearly a display of extraordinary distinction—that much is obvious from the illustrated catalogue—and one which presents a well-balanced cross-section of the arts of the time, from illuminated manuscripts to jewellery and those jewel-like objects which were made by lapidary and ivory carver and enameller. Among these last must be numbered things as diverse as the delicate little Annunciation Diptych lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum (Fig. 2), honoured by this sentence in the catalogue: "For rarity, for perfection, and sensitivity of craftsmanship it is unequalled, even in this exhibition devoted to the glory of the Italian artisan"; the plain Florentine fifteenth-century bowl in red jasper inscribed "Laur. Med." (Lorenzo de Medici), from the Louvre; and the well-known set of miniature garden tools, gilt, chased and incised, lent by Judge Untermeyer.

If one thing more than others can be said to be the distinguishing mark of these centuries, apart from the general passion for the Roman past, it is the liking on the part of cultivated collectors for small bronze statuettes to be placed on table or cupboard. About sixty of these have been garnered from many sources and, with a series of famous medals and plaquettes, provide a peculiarly intimate picture of the taste of the times. Colour—and colour in rich, warm tones—is, of course, provided by the maiolica, which Italians could not resist treating primarily as a surface on which to paint a picture and only secondarily as a material capable of being moulded into noble shapes. There are, to be sure, plenty of these, too, notably a wine cistern from Urbino, third quarter of the sixteenth century, the whole of the interior of which is painted with a classical sea fight. This once belonged to the Marquis of Linlithgow and was part of a well-known service originally made for Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino (Fig. 1). This passion for pictorial decoration—which some equate with the apparently spontaneous pleasure of covering walls with frescoes—is to be seen in the magnificently opulent furniture of the period, the surface of which is covered in carving or painting or gesso or all three.

As to the painting on the *cassoni* or chests—monumental objects in every sense of the word—this goes far beyond the competence of the furniture painter in northern lands and takes its place naturally enough alongside altarpiece and wall fresco. Few things mark the difference between North and South so eloquently as these chests and cupboards, whether carved or painted. The catalogue to the exhibition remarks that "it is an interesting fact that, while fifteenth-century

furniture in England and in France (and, to a lesser degree, in Germany) has survived in only small numbers, Italian furniture of the same period can be studied without difficulty from plentiful actual examples." I believe the explanation is simplicity itself. We had little or nothing of the sort; fifteenth-century Italy was far further advanced in the arts of civilisation; the French

until a century later that the near-monopoly of Italian glass throughout Europe came to an end. Certainly, from the thirteenth century until the end of the sixteenth century, the greatest of all European glass centres was Murano. America is singularly rich in fine examples and Detroit, in this case, has not had to call in the aid of European collections. In the exhibition is the well-known enamelled goblet from the Toledo Museum of Art—a wonderful glass of a blue tint enamelled with a frieze all round the bowl (once in the Eumorfopoulos Collection in this country) and shown at the unforgettable Italian Exhibition at Burlington House in 1930. How quickly time passes! I well remember people criticising Mussolini for packing up several hundred precious masterpieces, including Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus," and sending them to London by sea—and how superb (and a trifle surprised) the goddess seemed at finding herself the centre of attention at the end of the main gallery in the middle of an English winter! This, with fourteen other goblets, beakers, etc., lent by Mr. Jerome Strauss and the Corning Museum, where a superb exhibition, "Three Centuries of Venetian Glass," was held last summer, would in themselves almost justify the whole carefully-planned exhibition. An exaggeration? I dare say, but it so happens that, having enjoyed the photographs and descriptions of this Detroit affair, I looked in at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and found myself looking at half a dozen Venetian glasses, almost carelessly displayed amid some noble maiolica and sculpture—and decided that glass of this quality would be worth a special journey, leaving everything else to another day.



FIG. 1. THE INTERIOR OF THE 16TH-CENTURY WINE CISTERN MADE FOR THE DUKE OF URBINO. IT DEPICTS A CLASSICAL SEA BATTLE. (Diameter, 22 ins.)



FIG. 2. THE ANNUNCIATION DIPTYCH LENT BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PIECES IN THE DETROIT EXHIBITION. (Ivory, silver and bronze; height, 18 cms.)

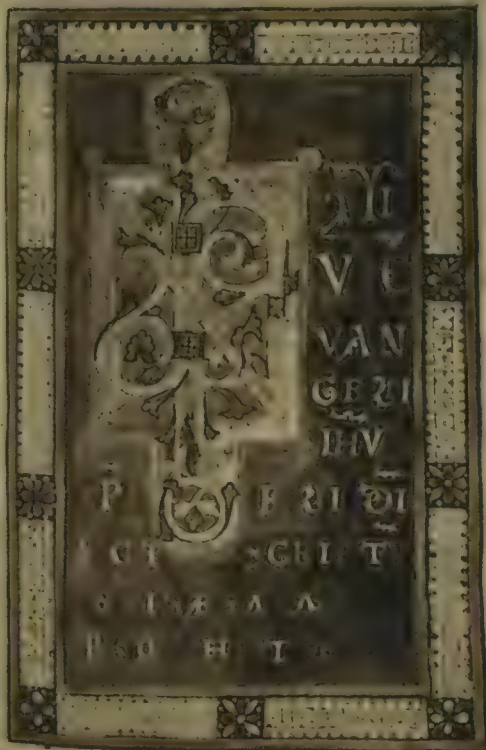
began to learn from Italian craftsmen towards the end of the century while we followed suit fifty or sixty years later.

If that was, on the whole, correct about furniture, as I believe it was, we—and the rest of Europe—were yet more in Italy's debt as regards to glass. We only began to make glass vessels *à la façon de Venise* after Elizabeth I had encouraged Italian workpeople to settle here; the name of Verzellini is honoured to-day as the virtual founder of the English glass industry; though it was not

There remain nine fifteenth- and sixteenth-century illuminated manuscripts from the Pierpont Morgan Library, some notable bindings, fourteen most impressive examples of armour, including the splendidly decorated parade helmet and shield of Cosimo de Medici, lent by the Museo Nazionale in Florence; and the well-known "Shield of Henri II" from the Louvre which, if not wholly Italian, is certainly Italianate even if, as has been suggested recently, it was, in fact, made in Antwerp. The ornamentation introduces the initial H and the crescent of Diane de Poitiers, the device still to be seen over doors at Fontainebleau.

Fifty drawings and engravings—designs for candelabra, mosaic pavements, cassoni, etc.—complete the exhibition of these centuries of Italian Decorative Art which we rather take for granted in Europe, but which it is clear from the catalogue introduction the organisers consider are by no means appreciated across the Atlantic. "Our aim," they say, "is to prove to our visitors a vision of *L'Italia Splendida*, of the most magnificent civilisation that ever was, and at the same time to remind all of us, if need be, that imagination and grandeur of conception, a sense of pageantry and opulence, are not incompatible with intensity of feeling and artistic integrity. . . . It was a period of extraordinary creative talent in all branches of the arts . . . its crafts give to the study of that age a new dimension, a feeling of intimacy with men long dead, because we can touch the things they touched, and love unconsciously the things they loved." That seems to me uncommonly well said, and I believe that many who live many thousands of miles from Detroit will like to read of the enterprise which has made so fine an exhibition possible.

RECORD PRICES FOR RARE MANUSCRIPTS IN LONDON: THE DYSON PERRINS COLLECTION.



A DOUBLE PAGE FROM THE *LATIN GOSPELS* WHICH SOLD FOR THE RECORD SUM OF £39,000. THE SALE WAS DEVOTED TO FIFTY ITEMS OF THE DYSON PERRINS COLLECTION. (Page size: 9 by 6½ ins.)



AN EXTRACT FROM THE *VIDAL MAYOR*, A RARE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH MANUSCRIPT OF THE LAWS OF ARAGON. IT WAS SOLD FOR £28,000. (Page size: 14½ by 9½ ins.)



PORTION OF A PAGE FROM A *GRADUAL OF THE DOMINICAN NUNS*, A RICHLY-DECORATED SWISS MANUSCRIPT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY ACQUIRED BY THE SWISS NATIONAL MUSEUM FOR £33,000. (Page size: 18½ by 13½ ins.)



THE FASCINATING ILLUSTRATION TO THE *TRACTATUS DE PASTORIBUS ET OVIBUS*, PART OF A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT WHICH ALSO INCLUDES AN AVIARIUM AND A BESTIARY. IT WAS SOLD FOR £36,500. (Page size: 7½ by 5½ ins.)

Previous records were eclipsed at Sotheby's on December 9 when the first part of the Dyson Perrins collection of manuscripts was auctioned. The fifty items in this important sale were sold for £326,620, which is the highest total ever reached for a single day's sale of books or manuscripts. The highest individual price was also a record, the £39,000 paid for a magnificent twelfth-century German manuscript of *Latin Gospels*. It was bought by a New York dealer, Mr. H. P. Kraus, who also purchased a delightful thirteenth-century French *Bestiary*. This item realised £36,500, the second highest

figure in the sale. In 1901 the same manuscript was sold at Sotheby's for a mere £325. Two other exceptionally high prices were recorded. The Swiss National Museum paid £33,000 for a *Swiss Gradual of the Dominican Nuns*, and a rare Spanish manuscript of the laws of Aragon, known as the *Vidal Mayor*, was purchased anonymously for £28,000. Pages from these four items are illustrated here. A number of other manuscripts fetched prices which were only a little less sensational, and Mr. Kraus himself contributed nearly one-third of the total sum realised in the sale.

Some of the Dyson Perrins manuscripts were illustrated in "The Illustrated London News" of November 22.



ANIMALS THE EXPLORER MAY YET MEET: "UNKNOWN" ANIMALS—WHOSE EXISTENCE REMAINS TO BE PROVED OR REFUTED—PORTRAYED FROM EYE-WITNESS DESCRIPTIONS.

Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans has written a book that is bound to stimulate controversy. It is intended to take the reader "On the Track of Unknown Animals" in various parts of the world. These are the animals of which there is in no museum or collection any bone, or vestige of skin, or any relic that could in any way form the basis of concrete evidence of the animals' existence. To that extent there is full justification for scepticism, or for declaring them to be legendary, mythical or figments of the imagination. Nevertheless, as the author of the book takes pains to show, a surprising number of large animals,

which to-day are so familiar that we regard them as commonplace, have in their time, and that within the last century or so, been equally the subject of scepticism or of active disbelief. Some of the "unknown animals," the existence of which remains to be proven or refuted, are portrayed here. The drawings are reconstructions from the descriptions given by eye-witnesses, or from local beliefs, even shreds of folk-lore pieced together. To that extent they are imaginative and it is possible to criticise the action of publishing them on several counts. It can, for example, be said that the method is

Drawings by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., based on

unscientific: that in default of actual specimens for examination a discreet silence is the only wise course. It might also be argued that, by giving form and shape to something known only by the slenderest of clues, a fictitious organism can become an image in the mind of those who see the drawings, and that this can acquire in time a reality which is wholly deceptive. There may be justification for this criticism, yet it is a practice commonly followed by the palaeontologist and, more especially, by the anthropologist, of reconstructing by means of drawings the whole animal, or it may even be a human being,

illustrations in the book "On the Track of Unknown Animals."

from a few fragments of bone. It could hardly be claimed that this practice is wholly reprehensible, and it can be argued that even if mistakes are sometimes made, reconstructions are legitimate tools for furthering investigation and adding to knowledge. If "reconstructing" the portraits of unknown animals does nothing more, it could, by concentrating attention on the evidence for their supposed existence, bring more information to light than we at present possess. It might even lead to new discoveries. In this light it is fully justified. Dr. Heuvelmans' book is reviewed on page 1102.

NEAVE PARKER



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SCOFFERS SOMETIMES REMAIN TO PRAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WE live in an age when the giant panda is almost as well known as the farmyard hen. We have had toy pandas, photographs of pandas in books and newspapers, and real live pandas in zoos. Apparently the first mention of a giant panda is contained in a manuscript dating from A.D. 621, during the reign of the first of the T'ang emperors. Until March 1869, however, it was regarded as a legendary animal. Then, Père David, a French missionary, was taking tea with a rich landowner in Szechwan when he saw a skin of "the famous black-and-white bear," of which he had several times heard. He set to work to find the animal, and twelve days later Chinese hunters brought him back a young one they had caught alive but had killed, in order to carry it home with less trouble. Père David had further skins brought to him.

From 1870 until 1915 a living giant panda was sought, but in vain. Then Dr. Weigold, of the

The character of the book has been neatly summed up in the Foreword by Gerald Durrell:

In this book Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans has marshalled an astonishing parade of unknown animals, and he has done so with great skill and scientific detachment, resisting the temptation to sensationalise. . . . Up to now most zoologists have treated the whole subject of sea-serpents, abominable snowmen and similar creatures as something that is not quite nice. It is as though they feel there were some gigantic conspiracy afoot to undermine their ideas of what does and what does not exist in the world. This attitude has made it extremely difficult to get at the facts behind reports of these alleged creatures. Whether they exist or not, it was essential for someone to collect all the reports and sift them through for publication. If the animals *do* exist and *are* discovered, this book will prove a valuable piece of research. If, on the other hand, it is proved that they do *not* exist, the book loses none of its value, for it becomes an important contribution to zoological mythology.

The text is divided into twenty-two chapters grouped under seven sections. In Section 1, the author establishes the point that there are Lost Worlds everywhere, with many survivors from the past, and that one-tenth of the earth's land-surface is still unexplored. He also shows how formidable a list can be compiled of large animals discovered during the last century or so. Each of these discoveries has followed more or less the lines of that outlined for the giant panda. Often the first reports have been received with scepticism, even with ridicule, only to be shown in due course that these first reports were perfectly sound. Moreover, the pattern still persists. We have not yet learned the lesson of the Coelacanth, the discovery of which for a brief moment shook the zoologists out of their complacency. But only for a brief moment, and after that . . .

The remaining six sections of Dr. Heuvelmans' book take us to different parts of the world, to South-East Asia with its Abominable Snowman, its ape-man of

Sumatra and the Lost People of Ceylon, to Australasia for the Marsupial Tiger, Surrealist Dinosaur, the Australian Bunyips, the Moa and the Impossible Waitoreke of New Zealand, to South America, Siberia, Africa and Madagascar. In no case does Heuvelmans make extravagant claims. He merely presents the evidence with appropriate and balanced comment.

I read the original French text three years ago, but this did not lessen my enjoyment of the English edition. For me, the most powerful part of the whole book is the first section, in which the author seeks to draw the lesson of the last century or so of zoological discovery. Thus, in 1819, Baron Georges Cuvier, the celebrated French anatomist, said: ". . . there is little hope of discovering new species of large quadrupeds." In the same year, his pupil Diard sent him a drawing from India of an unknown animal, a tapir, with the words: "When I first saw the tapir . . . I was astonished that such a large animal should still be unknown . . . the tapir was as common in the Indian forests as the elephant and the rhinoceros." After this, we had the siamang of Sumatra, discovered in 1821, the gelada, the largest of the baboons (1835), water-chevrotain (1840), pygmy hippopotamus (1843), gorilla (1847),

takin (1850), Schomburgk's deer (1863), Père David's deer (1866), giant panda (1869), snub-nosed monkey (1870). This is by no means the end of the list. In Cuvier's day the known species of mammals and birds numbered 386 and 765, and in 1939, just over a century later, the numbers were 13,000 and 28,000 respectively, and some at least of the former were "large quadrupeds."

It is very clear that there are still a number of large animals in the sea, the presence of which is as yet only suspected. But we are apt to think, as Cuvier did, that the large land animals have been fairly completely catalogued. To think thus is, however, to overlook the large areas in tropical South America, Africa and South and South-East Asia, where human populations are thin and the vegetation correspondingly thick. And this is the point that Heuvelmans tries to make. The history of the last century tells of one large animal



THE ANDEAN WOLF (LEFT) COMPARED WITH THE WOLF OF THE PAMPAS (RIGHT). THE ANDEAN WOLF WAS DESCRIBED FROM A SINGLE SKIN WHICH WAS DISCOVERED BY AN ANIMAL-DEALER IN BUENOS AIRES IN 1926.



A SIDE VIEW, SHOWING THE FULL BODIES OF THE ANDEAN WOLF (LEFT) AND THE WOLF OF THE PAMPAS (RIGHT).

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Hart-Davis, publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

first German expedition to South-West Tibet, saw one. He even kept a young one alive for several days, but "the black-and-white 'bear' was on the point of being considered an extinct species when two sons of President Teddy Roosevelt—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and his brother Kermit—saw [in 1929] one dozing in the top of a hollow pine-tree. A salvo of shots pitched the poor brute into its last sleep, and its stuffed skin was soon being admired in the Field Museum at Chicago." It was not until 1936 that the first one was caught alive, and not until 1938 that the first live giant panda reached a zoo, the Brookfield Zoo, in Chicago.

These details, and the quotation, are from a book by Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans, "On the Track of Unknown Animals" (Rupert Hart-Davis; 35s.). It was originally published in French in 1955, under the title "Sur la Piste des Bêtes Ignorées," in two volumes, and the present book, ably translated by Richard Garnett, is a handsome volume of 558 pages, lavishly illustrated, and containing an adequate bibliography and a good index. It is high time this able work were made available in English, and Rupert Hart-Davis are to be congratulated on having undertaken this.



THE ONLY "UNKNOWN" ANIMAL OF WHICH THERE IS A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH. IT IS OF *AMERANTHROPOIDES LOYSI* AND WAS DISCOVERED BY FRANCOIS DE LOYS, A SWISS GEOLOGIST, AFTER HE HAD SET OUT WITH A HANDFUL OF MEN IN 1917 TO EXPLORE THE MOUNTAINOUS BORDERS OF COLOMBIA AND VENEZUELA.

after another being made known to science. Often the discovery was preceded by folk-lore, legend or rumour, rather on the pattern outlined in the story of the discovery of the giant panda. There is still folk-lore, legend and rumour of extraordinary animals, said to have been seen in different parts of the world. These may be wholly wrong, they may refer to abnormal individuals of species already known, possibly to well-known animals seen under unusual conditions, or they may arise from the chance observation of a hitherto unknown species or race surviving in a restricted and inaccessible place.

So many of the alleged animals discussed by Heuvelmans seem by ordinary standards more or less preposterous. So must the Komodo dragon have seemed until its existence was established beyond doubt in 1912. The Congo pygmies had described the okapi to Sir Harry Johnston, who disbelieved them, and, indeed, there is an Egyptian mural drawing of an animal strikingly like it dating from 3000 B.C. And even although we are now familiar with its appearance, the okapi is to an extent preposterous. Too ready disbelief can be as dangerous as too ready belief.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



M.P. KILLED IN ROAD ACCIDENT: MR. SIDNEY DYE.
Mr. Sidney Dye, Labour M.P. for South-West Norfolk, has been killed in a road accident. He was 58, and won his first seat in Parliament in 1945 with a majority of 53. Defeated in 1951, he regained the seat in 1955, the only member of his party to do so in that election. He was a forthright speaker.



A GREAT ASTRONOMER: THE LATE DR. J. JACKSON.
Dr. John Jackson, C.B.E., F.R.S., has died in hospital, aged 71. He was one of the most brilliant modern astronomers. He gained academic distinction at Cambridge, and afterwards received a number of outstanding appointments. He was President of the Royal Astronomical Society from 1953 to 1955.



JUDGED SUPREME CHAMPION BEAST AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW: A CROSS-BRED HEIFER, DIANA.
Diana, the heifer, is shown after being awarded her trophy at the Smithfield Show. On her right is her owner, Mr. F. W. Salisbury, general manager of J. Sainsbury Ltd. On her left is herdsman Mr. Charles Wood.



LORD DIGBY ELECTED NEW PRESIDENT OF THE R.A.S.E.
Lord Digby, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., has been elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. He succeeds the Duke of Beaufort. Lord Digby has been a member of the Council since 1935. The Royal Horticultural Society recently conferred on him their highest award. He farms in Dorset.



RELIEVED OF HIS POST: THE RUSSIAN GENERAL SEROV.
General Ivan Serov, chief of the Russian internal security forces, was recently relieved of his post. The official Soviet news agency said that he was taking up "other work." General Serov leapt into prominence in 1954, immediately after the execution of his previous chief, Lavrenti Beria.



(Left.) SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR: MISS JUDY GRINHAM.
Miss Judy Grinham, the 19-year-old swimmer who won a gold medal at the last Olympic Games, has been chosen *Daily Express* Sportswoman of the year. Ian Black, B.B.C. Television Sports-view Personality of the Year, won the male award. Lord Harding presented the trophies.



PERSONALITIES IN THE NEW FRENCH PARLIAMENT: RECENTLY-ELECTED DELEGATES WITH DE GAULLE AT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.
On December 9 the National Assembly of the Fifth Republic met for the first time. Seated here can be seen, in the front row, General de Gaulle, M. Mollet and M. Pinay; behind them, M. Cornut-Gentile, M. Couve de Murville, M. Pinay, M. Buron and M. Soustelle, whose U.N.R. party holds 188 seats.

(Right.) LONG SERVICE TO NATIONAL SAVINGS: MR. E. C. H. JONES.
Mr. E. C. H. Jones, permanent secretary of the National Savings Committee, will retire at the end of the year. He is 64, and has held the post since 1946. Mr. Jones has spent 38 years with the movement, and has been designated a C.B.E. He will be succeeded by Mr. D. Davidson.



(Right.) MIKE HAWTHORN RETIRES FROM MOTOR RACING.

Mr. Michael Hawthorn, world champion driver for 1958, has retired from Grand Prix racing. He may continue to drive in some sports-car events. Until his retirement he was the leader of the Ferrari team, and it was in a Ferrari that he won this year's world championship for Grand Prix drivers.



(Left.) THE G.M. FOR A "SHARK" RESCUE: MR. P. BROKENSHA.
Mr. Paul Brokensha, of Southern Rhodesia, has been awarded the George Medal for rescuing 15-year-old Julia Painting when she was attacked by a shark while bathing at Margate, Natal. He fought the shark until it made off. Miss Painting was rescued only after her left arm was severed.



THE MAYOR OF WEST BERLIN, HERR WILLY BRANDT, SHAKES HANDS WITH THE GLUM-FACED CANDIDATE WHOM HE DEFEATED.
Ernst Lemmer (right) was the unsuccessful Christian Democrat candidate for the mayoralty of West Berlin during the recent municipal elections. He and Herr Brandt are pictured in front of an election tally board in the City Hall.



THE NEW LIBYAN AMBASSADOR, DR. BUSAIRI, LEAVING TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE QUEEN.
Dr. Abdulsalam Busairi has succeeded Ali Sahli as Libyan Ambassador in London. He presented his Letters of Credence to H.M. the Queen on Dec. 11, accompanied by members of his Embassy.



SIR CHARLES WHEELER, RIGHT, RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
Sir E. MAUFE, TREASURER, HAS RETIRED. Sir Charles Wheeler was re-elected President of the Royal Academy at Burlington House on December 9. He is a sculptor and this will be his third year of office. He is 66. Sir Edward Maufe (left) has retired from the post of Treasurer.

MASTERPIECES IN GOLD FROM OVER A THOUSAND YEARS: TREASURES FROM SPINA AND OTHER SITES IN EMILIA, RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT BOLOGNA.

By PROFESSOR GUIDO A. MANSUELLI, Superintendent of the Antiquities of Emilia and Romagna.

(Many of the objects illustrated in this article have been discovered at Spina, the ancient Greco-Etruscan city of which the necropolis has been largely revealed as the result of land reclamation projects near Lake Comacchio. An article on Spina appeared in our issue of December 4, 1954.)

AN exhibition organised by the Soprintendenza alle Antichità dell' Emilia, in the Museo Civico at Bologna, has recently brought together a collection of 300 specimens of Etruscan, Roman and Lombardic gold- and silverware which have been recovered at one time or another from archaeological excavations in the region. Our professed intention was to make available to the general public and the student those works of art which on account of their intrinsic value are not as a rule readily accessible. It was also our wish by means of this collection of the ancient craftsmanship of Emilia to determine the position occupied on the artistic and economic plane by a region which contained works in precious metals and had known in antiquity a succession of diverse and important artistic cultures. The exhibition has also produced results not without relevance to historical studies. The large number of visitors from the general public and the numerous tributes paid by foreign and Italian colleagues have proved that our professed aims have been attained.

Evidence exists of gold work in Emilia from the end of the Bronze Age (the excavations at Borgo Panigale), but the first large-scale output coincides with the advent of Etruscan civilisation. At first, objects imported from Etruria into Bologna, which was still a collection of Iron Age huts, were imitated in silver and bronze; later, with the Etruscan predominance towards the end of the sixth century B.C. and the opening of the region to Greek influence through the landing-place at Spina, a radical change took place in the mode of culture and way of life. There are not many examples extant of their goldware, but in compensation for this, the artistic quality is, on the whole, of a high order; a ring from Bologna (Fig. 6), a veritable miniature sculpture in gold, is one of the chief masterpieces in gold of the fifth century: fibulae and ear-rings combining the ancient Etruscan technique of granulation with that of the later *repoussé* complete the picture of goldware from Felsina, which accompanied the Greek pottery in the fittings of the tombs surmounted by large decorated *stelai*.

Even more abundant is the documentation offered by the excavations at Spina. Here, gold and silver were combined with amber and vitreous pastes to make necklaces of many colours. The art of granulation and relief work were predominant at Spina (Fig. 4), and the most notable example in gold fashioned with this double technique was a disc with a double head of ancient type, which has already been previously described in this journal (*The Illustrated London News* of December 4, 1954). There are numerous examples of ear-rings all fashioned in the double technique, and in which it is possible to discern two artistic trends, one classical (Figs. 7 and 8), and the other, still rooted to archaic modes, and in forms which one might call "provincial"; showing a ram's head. Only at Spina have large diadems been found: three of

these in relief, and one with leaves in separate gold sheet (Fig. 5), the presence of which provide a link between the culture of Spina and that of the



FIG. 1. A SPLENDID T-SHAPED ROMAN FIBULA OF GOLD, WITH LARGELY FILIGREE ORNAMENTATION. THIS IS PART OF THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D. "TREASURE" DISCOVERED IN 1957 HIDDEN IN A LEAD TUBE AT REGGIO EMILIA. (Reggio Museum.)



FIG. 2. THE CENTRAL MOTIF OF ONE OF TWO SILVER PLATES FOUND AT CESENA, PRESUMABLY PART OF A HIDDEN TREASURE. THE CENTRAL BANQUET SCENE IS IN GOLD AND NIELLO, AND IS ONE OF THE FINEST KNOWN EXAMPLES OF ITS KIND. (Biblioteca Malatestiana, Cesena.)

central Adriatic coast to Magna Græcia. One such diadem appears alone later at Bologna in a tomb belonging certainly to the Gallic period.

The group of goldware from Felsina and Spina constituted the first and certainly the most

interesting section of the exhibition. The Gallic period is represented in Emilia only by a few silver objects, and only here and there by anything in gold.

There is, however, a dearth of examples of gold- and silverware belonging to the early centuries of the period of Romanisation; a paucity which can be explained. Etruscan gold- and Gallic silverware have been preserved for us because they formed part of the funeral furniture, and their relative scarcity (considering the large number of tombs known to us) show that in the fourth and fifth centuries economic conditions were such that only a few families found it possible to set aside precious

metals for this purpose. The economic conditions of the first Roman period were favourable to the wide circulation of precious metals, but it was only later in the third century that the practice of burying "treasures," as a precautionary measure during difficult times, began, and it was some of these treasures (of late antiquity) which were destined to come to light as a result of archaeological excavations. This was the origin of the rich collection of heavy and elaborate goldenware of Parma, buried perhaps in face of the menace of the German invasions and comprising many coins, necklaces, bracelets with twisted bars and large rings with coloured stones. These bear witness to a trend in taste in which emphasis is laid upon the effect achieved by the weight and splendour of the precious metal rather than by artistic elaboration. Another example of hidden "treasure" was the two silver plates from Cesena, one of which, with its decorations round the border and in the centre with scenes in gold and *niello*, is one of the most remarkable examples of this technique and

mode of art, which was Oriental in origin and reached Italy by means of Ravenna (Fig. 2). A completely new acquisition is the treasure discovered last year at Reggio Emilia concealed in a tube of lead. This contained Byzantine coins of the fifth century, necklaces, ear-rings, numerous rings in which gold alternated with precious and semi-precious stones of various colours, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and garnets. These golden objects are representative of "barbaric" taste, in which colour as expressed by the medium of the precious materials, becomes the dominating feature. Among these was found a most beautiful T-shaped Roman fibula, its long shaft decorated with filigree, and ranking as one of the most estimable examples of its kind in Italy (Fig. 1). Alongside this goldenware were placed some samples of the bronze vases which are plentiful in Emilia, decorated with incrustations of gold and silver.

The last section consists of the gold- and silverware discovered in tombs of the Lombard period: notable among these are a disc-shaped fibula from Parma, a large and heavy gold necklace with sockets filled with red and violet almandine, for which parallels can be found in other similar objects belonging to Imola. Exhibits from Reggio consist of two ornaments bearing Christian symbols for horse-harness, appurtenances of armour and sword-belts, and again from Imola a decoration for a sword hilt in engraved silver-gilt.

The final item in the series is a large and very heavy ring decorated with *niello*, found in the River Reno, near Bologna. We have considered this object as being the last expression of an artistic trend in which the echo of classicism could still be heard. [Cont. above, opposite.

FANTASTIC AND BEAUTIFUL EAR-RINGS OF GOLD FROM SPINA; AND OTHER GOLD OBJECTS OF EMILIA.

Continued.]

As well as the gold and silver were found as a result of excavations in the region, there was also exhibited a large selection from the biggest collection of gold objects in Northern Italy, the former Palagi collection of the Museo Civico of Bologna: among these is a magnificent rosette in relief and with granulation, a product of Greek insular art (Fig. 3), two ancient Tarentine incense-burner supports, Etruscan and Italo-Greek necklaces and fibulae, a large classical Hellenistic relief in silver, numerous Roman and late Roman ornaments and two Lombardic gold crosses from Cividale. We have thus been able to provide a record of ancient gold ware in its salient aspects, with a collection of specimens from among the most significant types, illustrating particular phases of art, sensibility and custom. The ancients loved objects of gold for their intrinsic value, but also I would say, above all for the

[Continued below, left.]

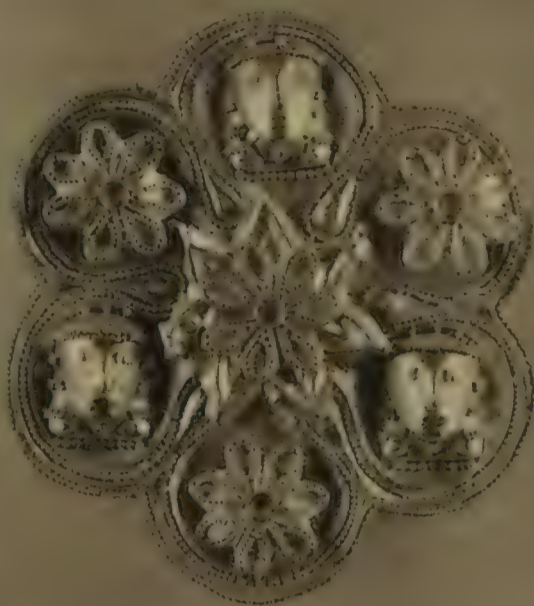


FIG. 3. A MAGNIFICENT GOLD ROSETTE OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. AND AN EXAMPLE OF GREEK ISLAND WORK, EMPLOYING BOTH RELIEF AND GRANULATION. (Bologna Museum.)

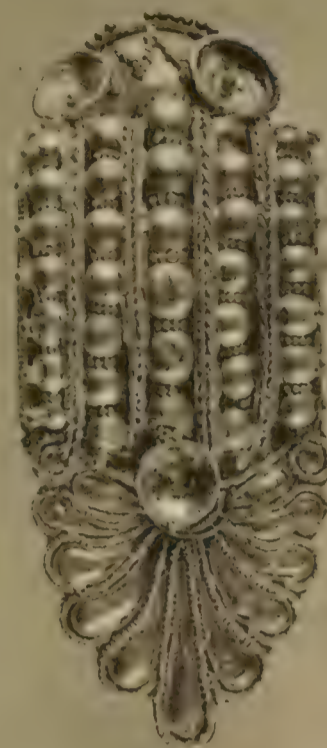


FIG. 4. A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF THE ETRUSCAN COMBINATION OF RELIEF AND GRANULATION IN GOLD: AN EAR-RING FROM SPINA, FIFTH CENTURY B.C. (Museo di Spina, Ferrara.)



FIG. 5. A SPLENDID GOLD DIADEM FROM AN ETRUSCAN TOMB AT SPINA, WITH FREE-STANDING LEAVES OF GOLD. FOURTH CENTURY B.C. (Museo di Spina, Ferrara.)

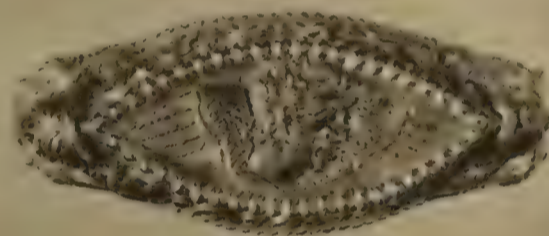


FIG. 6. MINIATURE SCULPTURE IN GOLD: A BEZEL OF A RING FROM FELSINA, WHICH RANKS AS A MASTERPIECE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. (Bologna Museum.)



FIG. 7. FROM AN ETRUSCAN TOMB AT SPINA: TWO GOLD EAR-RINGS OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C., THE LEFT TILTED FORWARD TO SHOW THE TOP OF THE HEAD. (Museo di Spina, Ferrara.)

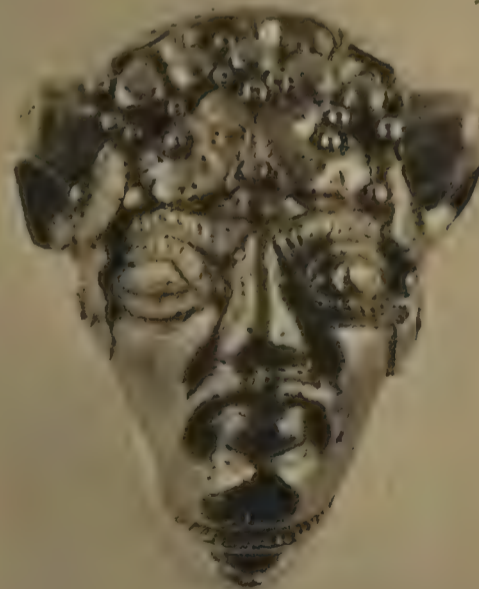


FIG. 8. THE RIVER-GOD, ACHELOUS—A GOLD EAR-RING FROM SPINA. FIFTH CENTURY B.C. (Museo di Spina, Ferrara.)

Continued.] artistic interpretation to which the precious metal lends itself. In the Homeric poems golden necklaces are symbols of wealth, but also a necessary concomitant to beauty and dignity: the Greek mentality never separated the conception of the value of the metal from that of the artistic elaboration which the material suggested, and it was considered almost a duty to attain a standard of formal elaboration which would do justice to the value and nobility of the medium. If among the Etruscans, as later among the late

Roman and Germanic societies still influenced by Hellenism, gold ware was sought after on account of its colour and by reason of its prestige value, the degree of artistic elaboration never became less, and the nobility of the tradition of the goldsmiths and metal craftsmen in the face of changes in demands and taste, has been maintained perceptibly uninterrupted, and has remained as one of the heritages which antiquity has passed on to the Middle Ages and to us.

A MALTING PLANT AND A TRANSMITTING MAGNETIC COMPASS: BRITISH INNOVATIONS.



(Above.) THE TRADITIONAL METHOD OF "TURNING" THE GERMINATING BARLEY USED IN THE PRODUCTION OF BEER. THIS LABORIOUS PROCESS HAS BEEN REPLACED AT SHOBNALL BY HUGE REVOLVING DRUMS.

THE new malting plant built by Bass at Shobnall, near Burton-on-Trent, ensures that the whole process of beer production is carried out mechanically. At the same time, however, the traditional skills acquired over hundreds of years will not be lost. The manufacturers have taken great pains to incorporate in their

[Continued opposite.

(Right.) THE CONTROL DECK AT SHOBNALL. THE NEW BOX DRUM MALTING PLANT IS THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD. CONTROLS CAN BE ADJUSTED TO PRODUCE CAREFULLY-GRADED DIFFERENCES IN THE MALT.



(Above.) THIS MECHANICAL "TURNER" TRAVELS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE KILN. THE GRAIN IS ENTIRELY UNTOUCHED BY HAND, AND MALTING IS NOW POSSIBLE ALL THE YEAR ROUND.



Continued.] plant all the maltsters' art in choosing the grain and deciding on treatment. The English "pint" should not suffer through being the victim of automation. In addition, it will now be possible to carry out malting at all times of the year. Each of the ten box drums in which the barley germinates is 47 ft. long, and 450 tons of barley can be in process in any one day. The plant has cost £600,000.



PART OF A NEW TYPE OF MAGNETIC COMPASS: A KELVIN HUGHES STANDARD NON-RESONANT REFLECTOR COMPASS.



IN SECTION: A STANDARD COMPASS FITTED WITH THE KELVIN HUGHES TRANSMITTING SYSTEM.



THE BULKHEAD REPEATER OF THE KELVIN HUGHES TRANSMITTING MAGNETIC COMPASS, NOW OFFICIALLY APPROVED.

Kelvin and Hughes (Marine) Ltd. recently introduced their new Transmitting Magnetic Compass, which for the first time makes the operation of any number of repeaters from the Standard Magnetic Compass a practical possibility. This advantage was previously

possessed only by the gyroscopic compass, over which the simpler magnetic compass (carried according to regulation by British registered shipping) has certain advantages. The Transmitting Magnetic Compass has been approved by the Admiralty Compass Observatory.

FROM A NEW BRIDGE TO THE *SMALL WORLD*: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



THE NEW ROAD BRIDGE AT CONWAY, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED BY THE MINISTER FOR WELSH AFFAIRS ON DECEMBER 13.

The new road bridge over the Conway, close to Conway Castle, is the fourth bridge over the river at this point. Part of the improvement scheme on the Chester-Bangor trunk road, it will replace the now quite inadequate bridge built by Telford in 1826. It has been built by Sir William Arrol and Co. Ltd., of Bridgeton, Glasgow. A small aqueduct and a railway bridge make up the total of four.



OFF PORTSMOUTH: A HELICOPTER CARRYING THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR, REAR-ADMIRAL TEODORO HARTUNG, ABOUT TO LAND ON THE ARGENTINE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *INDEPENDENCIA*, FOR THE AMBASSADOR'S RECENT VISIT TO THE SHIP.

(Right.) THE SCENE AFTER A LINE-OUT IN THE UNIVERSITY MATCH AT TWICKENHAM, WON 17-6 BY CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge scored a convincing victory in the seventy-seventh University Rugby match at Twickenham on December 9. Cambridge have now won 30 matches, Oxford 35, and there have been 12 draws. Waddell, the Scottish International, played a very successful game as Cambridge fly-half.

(Below.) THE CREW OF THE TRANSATLANTIC BALLOON, *SMALL WORLD*, WHICH TOOK OFF ON DEC. 12, TESTING OUT PEDAL STEERING GEAR.

During the first day of their 3000-mile drift across the Atlantic from Tenerife, the crew of *Small World* covered 100 miles. The crew, three men and one woman, hoped to reach the West Indies in a maximum of three weeks.



BEING WELCOMED HOME AT PORTSMOUTH AFTER CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE: H.M.S. *SCARBOROUGH*, WHICH WAS ON DUTY AT CHRISTMAS ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC DURING ATOMIC TESTS THERE IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER THIS YEAR. H.M.S. *SCARBOROUGH* TRAVELLED 40,000 MILES BEFORE RETURNING HOME.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MOON AND STARS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ON reading the author's note prefixed to "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl" at the Court, I was reminded irresistibly of Kipling's line, "I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the racial ruction rise," and the later "Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white." Errol John, the dramatist, is writing about his native Trinidad, the most cosmopolitan of the Caribbean islands, with "the greatest variety of complexions under the sun." (Under the moon as well.) It is, indeed, a rainbow-shawl island, and during the three acts of the play we can observe how one of the mixed assemblies in a "shanty town" area of Port-of-Spain fares in its loves and longings and griefs.

I gather that, in the newspaper competition for which the play was entered, there was never much doubt that "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl" would win. That does not really say a great deal for the theatrical power of the other entries, for although Errol John's work has genuine quality as a document, it is not much of a play. Still, anything about racial problems can take a public at the moment, and in comparison with "Flesh to a Tiger" at the same theatre—though not under the same management—earlier in the year, "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl" must be marked alpha plus; for the other piece I could hardly screw out a gamma minus.

The West Indies used to mean to us piracy and pieces-of-eight. To-day the word seems to be wistfulness. Sooner or later there must be an island Chekhov. Mr. John is not that. But I came from Sloane Square with the idea that Trinidad must be bulging with people who long for Charing Cross Road as much as the three sisters did for Moscow. Only one character, the trolley-bus driver, Ephraim, is explicit; but I got a mild impression of yearning under the moon. Perhaps I was swayed by the knowledge that highly agreeable West Indians are now likely to meet one in London at every turn. (Probably Ephraim is among them.)

The piece is set, during 1947, in a backyard in Trinidad that holds all the island atmospherics. Various ructions rise; but I remember more sharply the sounds of the moonstruck world—its calypsos and lullabies, its noises off and on—and the lighting, in moon, sun, and rain. The to-and-fro of backyard life always holds the attention: I was less held by the story itself, though there is one passage of retrospection when John Bouie, as a coloured ex-cricketer who had once been too independent, tells with quiet effect the tale of his farewell to big cricket when he was left "to rot slow in the sun."

I wish that there was more substance in the play. It is strongly compassionate and by no means a common experience in the theatre. But I do find, after meeting it twice, that it leaves me with a certain sense of regret for a high promise unfulfilled. The performance is, for the most part, exact and fresh. If it takes a little while to get accustomed to the idiom, once the ear is adjusted there is no trouble. And one cannot fail to like Vynnette Carroll, an actress of range and presence, who rides through the night as a kind of West Indian Peggy Mount; or Earle Hyman, who has range and sympathy; or Soraya Rafat, Jacqueline Chan, and John Bouie. The Court is the right size for this play: it might be lost in a larger house, but on this stage one does get the claustrophobic effect of the people and buildings huddled together in the backyard. The setting is by Loudon Sainthill. Let me quote from the author's description:*

At the front looking out to the street is the steel-and-concrete frame of a three-storey dwelling-house. It juts upwards, like some tall phantom, mocking

the two lowly buildings in the backyard as they stand facing each other across a stone "bleach." A tall coconut palm and a mango tree in bloom are on opposite sides of the "bleach," but away into the far corners near the neighbouring fences.

One building is a box-like affair resting on log pillars. Its wooden walls weather-grey and gnarled. The other, more pretentious, sports a veranda. It appears more solid in structure and design, being part wood and part concrete. The galvanised roof slopes, half winking to one side of the veranda, progressing upwards into an upturned vee over the main body of the house. It stands on stone pillars, and can claim the distinction of having once been painted. . . .

And so on in detail. Mr. Sainthill was set an unusual task. So was the director, Frith Banbury, from the moment the play opens with the yard "stark and grey under the flooding light of a moon that is almost full." Throughout, Mr. John has a sharp visual (and aural) sense: "Late that night. The sky is a silvery blue. Here and there a peeping star. The darkened houses look like ghosts in the flooding moonlight. The wind stirs in the trees and the galvanised roofing squeaks and shudders. An owl hoots. The mellow tones of a calypso drum can be heard. The music rising and falling as it rides the midnight air." This play is worth seeing and watching, though I doubt whether it will have any permanent life once its run is over. It will be hard to cast and to stage. Incidentally, readers of the printed text who visit the theatre will observe that in performance there have been various alterations.

During the last week or so I have been thinking more often of another moonlit stage. One night, out of London, I met London's Festival Ballet dancing the second act of "Swan Lake," with Beryl Grey as Odette; and that strongly-enchanted grace has been with me ever since. Here, too, oddly, the setting of the moon-blanchéd swan-world is by Loudon Sainthill.

Now, as the year ends, and after listening to a prizewinning play, I have been looking back, for my own satisfaction, over the work of the last twelve months. This time I have not been making the customary ranking list (there may be opportunity for that), but remembering certain small performances, every one of which deserves a prize, in the spirit of Alice's "caucus race." For me these performances, theatrically minor though they may be, are major in recollection, and a consistent playgoer should show his gratitude.

Thus, I take the chance now of thanking such people as Redmond Phillips, the tired, lost "whiskey priest" in "The Potting Shed"; Nan Munro, the psychologist with the high giggle, in "Beth"; Geoffrey Taylor, the adenoidal, black slug of an usher in "School"; Clementina Rostovtseva, the sentimental maid-servant Dunyasha in "The Cherry Orchard"; Albert Finney, the young man in "The Party"; Jocelyn Britton, the Regent's Park Hero, Bianca, and Phebe; Lionel Gadsden, the silent wanderer round the court during the interval of "The Trial of Mary Dugan"; Jack May, the faithful Melvil who administers the sacrament to Mary Queen of Scots in the last hours at Fotheringhay; Geoffrey Dunn, Firbankian Cardinal of "Valmouth"; Robert Desmond, the semi-moronic "pop" composer in "A Day in the Life Of . . ."; and, moon of my delight that knows no wane, Lally Bowers, Auntie in "No Concern of Mine," gazing with her mild pucker of distaste round that Bayswater basement. I wonder what she would have said if she had strayed unawares into the backyard of "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl"?

* "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl." (Faber; 5s.)



LEFT TO RIGHT: EPHRAIM (EARLE HYMAN, STANDING), CHARLIE (JOHN BOUIE), MAVIS (BARBARA ASSOON), PRINCE (LEO CARERA) AND SOPHIA (VYNNETTE CARROLL) IN "MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL"—A PLAY ABOUT NEGRO ASPIRATIONS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS IN TRINIDAD—WHICH OPENED AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE ON DECEMBER 4.



"YOU SEE THIS HAND? IT SHOOK THE HAND OF THAT BLACK BOY IN BLUE! SQUADRON-LEADER JOHNSTONE GUISSIPPIE—D.S.O., D.F.C. AND BAR. BLACK LIKE MIDNIGHT! BLACKER THAN ME!": CHARLIE, WITH EPHRAIM AND SOPHIA, IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE GONDOLIERS" (Princes).—Opening of the D'Oyly Carte season; new Peter Goffin costumes. (December 15.)
 "WHO'S YOUR FATHER?" (Cambridge).—Donald Sinden, Maurice Denham, Maureen Swanson, in Denis Cannan's comedy, directed by Peter Wood. (December 16.)
 "MACBETH" (Old Vic).—Michael Hordern and Beatrix Lehmann in Douglas Seale's production of the tragedy. (December 17.)
 "TWO FOR THE SEESAW" (Haymarket).—Peter Finch and Gerry Jedd in a two-character comedy by William Gibson. (December 17.)
 "THE ROYAL ASTROLOGERS" (Birmingham Repertory).—Children's play by Willis Hall. (December 17.)
 "KING CHARMING" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Planché's pantomime adapted by Gordon Snell, with Gwen Cherrell as King Charming. (December 17.)
 "CINDERELLA" (London Coliseum).—The Rodgers and Hammerstein piece, with Yana, Jimmy Edwards, and Tommy Steele. (December 18.)

NEW COSTUMES FOR "THE GONDOLIERS" IN THE NEW LONDON SEASON.



THE FINALE OF THE SECOND ACT OF "THE GONDOLIERS," SHOWING THE NEW COSTUMES DESIGNED BY PETER GOFFIN, WHO ALSO DESIGNED THE SETTINGS. IN THE CENTRE IS JOHN FRYATT, AS LUIZ.



KENNETH SANDFORD AS DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO, THE GRAND INQUISITOR, WEARING THE NEW COSTUME DESIGNED BY MR. GOFFIN.



THE DUCAL PARTY IN "THE GONDOLIERS": (L. TO R.) JOHN FRYATT AS LUIZ; JENNIFER TOYE AS CASILDA; PETER PRATT AS THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO, AND ANN DRUMMOND-GRANT AS THE DUCHESS.



ANOTHER GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SCENE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO IN THE NEWLY-COSTUMED PRODUCTION.



FROM ACT ONE OF "THE GONDOLIERS": THOMAS ROUND AS MARCO PALMIERI AND ALAN STYLER AS GUISEPPE PALMIERI. THEY BOTH PLAY THE PARTS OF VENETIAN GONDOLIERS.



JEAN HINDMARSH AS GIANETTA AND JOYCE WRIGHT AS TESSA IN THE NEW PRODUCTION OF "THE GONDOLIERS," WHICH OPENS A THREE-MONTH GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SEASON.

This production of "The Gondoliers," with Peter Goffin's new costumes, opened on December 15 a three-month season in which Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte will present her Opera Company in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. While using the seventeenth century as a basis for his costume designs, Mr. Goffin has avoided merely "dressing" the opera in period fashion: his designs are intended to emphasise the familiar characters of Gilbert's purely theatrical Venice and Barataria. "The Gondoliers" is an example

of how careful Gilbert was to base his fancies on fact. In a letter to Sullivan sketching the plot, he wrote: "The Venetians in the 15th century were red-hot Republicans. One of their party is made king and invites his friends to form a court. They object because they are Republicans. He replies that he has considered that and proposed to institute a court in which all people should be equal. . . . In Act 2 the absurdity of this state of things is shown."

TINNED FOOD WITH A HISTORY.



CANNED FOOD WITH A HISTORY: (L. TO R.) A BOER WAR CHRISTMAS PUDDING, TWO TINS OF MEAT FROM 1824 AND 1889 AND (IN FRONT) GALLIPOLI CHOCOLATE (1915).



MISS JOAN McNEEL-CAIRD, A DESCENDANT OF CAPTAIN SIR JOHN ROSS, EXAMINING THE CONTENTS OF THE TIN OF MEAT, WHICH SHE HAD PRESENTED FOR THE EXPERIMENT.



MRS. ASTEBURY TASTING, ON REAR-ADMIRAL N. A. COPEMAN'S INVITATION, A SPOONFUL OF THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING ISSUED TO HER HUSBAND DURING THE BOER WAR.

ON December 11, at Leatherhead, in the laboratories of the British Food Manufacturing Industries Research Association, a number of antique tinned foods were opened and tested. Two tins of meat of over 100 years old were opened, one from the stores of H.M.S. *Fury* (which was lost in the Arctic in 1824), which Captain Sir John Ross found later, the other from the stores of the schooner *Felix* dated 1849. Both were presented for the experiment by descendants of Captain Sir John Ross. Neither proved appetising, the fat having turned into a sort of soap during the years, and it was doubted whether the lean meat would be edible. A Christmas pudding from the Boer War (which had in addition travelled in tropical Brazil) was, however, quite edible and indeed smelt very good when opened. It was presented by Mrs. Astebury, of Stone, Staffs.

KITCHENER AND GORDON SHROUDED.

JUST before sunset in Khartoum, on December 11, the statues of Gordon and Kitchener were shrouded in a short and impressive military ceremony attended by the British Ambassador, Sir Edwin Chapman-Andrews. The first was the statue of General Charles Gordon riding on a camel; and for the ceremony troops of the Sudanese Army formed a guard of honour while pipers of the Sudanese Army played. The guard of honour presented arms, "God Save the Queen" was played and Retreat was sounded, and the tent-like cover was lowered. The party then moved to Freedom Square and the equestrian statue of Lord Kitchener, and the ceremony was repeated. In darkness the statues were taken down and removed to the museum pending a joint decision with the British Government on their disposal. The statues may be re-erected in London.



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD KITCHENER WHICH WAS REMOVED FROM ITS SITE IN FREEDOM SQUARE, KHARTOUM, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 11-12.



NOW REMOVED FROM ITS SITE IN GORDON AVENUE, KHARTOUM: THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON, WHICH MAY PERHAPS BE RE-ERECTED IN LONDON.



A TOMATO PASTE TIN USED AS A BOMB, WITH A LENGTH OF WIRE AND A WIRELESS BATTERY FOR DETONATION.



A PENCIL DETONATOR, HELD UP FOR DISPLAY. NUMBERS OF THESE DELAYED ACTION DETONATORS HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED IN FROM GREECE.



AMONG THE EXHIBITS IN THE "BLACK MUSEUM" IN NICOSIA: PIPE SECTIONS WHICH HAD BEEN PACKED WITH EXPLOSIVE.

IN CYPRUS: VARIED CONTAINERS AND A DETONATOR FROM EOKA BOMBS.



VARIOUS CONTAINERS FOR TERRORIST BOMBS: COCA COLA BOTTLES, WHICH ARE HURLED AT MILITARY VEHICLES, AN OIL-TIN AND WOODEN BOX.



A CISTERN BALL-FLOAT ADAPTED BY EOKA FOR USE AS A BOMB, WITH A RULER SHOWING ITS SIZE IN INCHES.

As can be seen from these photographs, the EOKA terrorists use a wide range of containers for constructing their hand-made bombs and mines. Although the terrorists have caused a number of casualties by the use of these weapons, much has been done to combat them, and since the emergency began, some 6000 bombs have been safely disposed of by the Bomb Disposal Squad in Cyprus. Recently two mines were discovered near a main water-pipe on the road from Lapithos to Kefalovryso. A telephone call was made to the Disposal Squad in Nicosia and the area round the mines cordoned off. Two disposal experts arrived on the scene and began the dangerous task of taking the detonators out of the mines—an operation made all the more dangerous by the fact that the EOKA mines, being hand-made, are liable to explode unexpectedly. Although the operation was carried out successfully, a photographer who was present writes: "There were four detonators to be removed, and it took . . . about two minutes to remove each—but at the end of that eight minutes I felt as if the same number of years had passed."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some very good writers who repel one by a blank, as it were positive want of charm. They are nearly always men, and one may tend to think of this quality as unlearned maleness. Yet women *can* have it, or something like it. "A Ripple From the Storm," by Doris Lessing (Michael Joseph; 15s.), not only reminds one of this, but reminds one strongly that the graceless may have great virtue. Miss Lessing—like all African novelists, but even more strenuously than most—is on the side of the angels. She is a formidably talented writer: massive, vigorous, minute. And this story, number three of the Martha Quest saga, is in her most brilliant vein. Further, though the heroine still exudes want of grace, and though it makes one tired to realise that she is still only twenty-three, the whole effect is less actively unappealing than usual. For at this stage her private life, always so truculent and ugly, plays second fiddle to her doings as a "comrade." It is not long since she exchanged her shoddy marriage for a "secret" Communist group, and an R.A.F. sergeant from the camp. When the curtain rises, she is already not bothering to dislike William (he'll soon be posted), but still floundering with apocalyptic rapture. And the group amours are submerged by the sheer dazzle and conviction of the group meetings.

It is in the nature of the young rebel to be groovy, and Martha, for all her truculence, is always rabidly in the swim. Though there is also a time-lag; sexually, she suggests the New Woman of long ago. No doubt the social climate of "Zambesia" is responsible. However, she has gone Red at the peak of fashion, in the glow of Stalingrad—when clods are Russophile, and the true believer is in heaven. Within the group, Martha and the rest can sanctify their aggression and self-righteousness, yearn over all suffering mankind, and love like brothers. Quite sincerely, up to a point. They divide their energy between slaving for every progressive body in the town, and caballing against old friends and fellow-workers as "that bunch of Trotskyists." (Not knowing what a Trotskyist is, except something nasty.) Among themselves, they love like brothers during the speechmaking, but can't agree on the agenda—not even at first, when there are only seven of them. But then two are air force, and the airmen always make trouble; while the town leader, Anton Hesse, is a stiff-necked, pedantic exile with the personality of a Tin Man. And so the group melts away from him—though Martha, again shoddily, has become his wife. The debates and wrangles are the best part; the R.A.F. turmoil is superb.

OTHER FICTION.

"Light Above the Lake," by L. A. G. Strong (Methuen; 15s.), takes us very far from this world-saving and recrimination: to an Irish lough and a mystical experience. Old Philly the lough-lover, the "sound man," has been laid in earth by his neighbours on a wild day, in the longest burying they remember; and his friend the battered, retired Doctor O'Hara has had a rough time. But now, at last, they are all relaxed and dry in Toby Kerrigan's pub, drinking hot whisky and lemon. And swapping yarns. To the Doctor, it seems as though one after another of these friendly, unconscious storytellers were trying to rip up his wound. For there is something he must never think of; and every tale brings it back. Then he has his first revelation. They are doing it on purpose, though not consciously. All men are brothers; and they are voicing his own truth, his inmost need. He knows already that a fuller vision is lying in wait for him; meanwhile he can let go, and think of Claire. . . . And finally, in his little boat under the stars, union with the All is crowned by contact with his one love. Claire isn't vital enough; and perhaps one can't quite absorb the miracle. But the lough, the pub, the whole web of story and remembrance, place and feeling, have a rare charm.

"The Mountain Road," by Theodore H. White (Cassell; 16s.), is an American war story. Covering a few days of a very obscure campaign: the last Japanese offensive in East China. The Americans have lost their airfields, and Major Baldwin, with a demolition unit of seven men, is ordered to fall back, wrecking "at his discretion." Since he is really a desk officer, a consultant, the "discretion" bothers him. How much, and what shall he wreck? His men want to go straight through, and regard the "slopeys"—the welter of starving refugees and collapsing armies—as a second enemy. Baldwin, in the main, tries to co-operate, to understand them, yet do the job. Thus we get a dramatic picture of war-tired China: sympathetic and informed.

"Ordeal by Innocence," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 12s. 6d.), features the return of a missing witness (from concussion and the Antarctic) too late to save. In the meantime, Jacko Argyle has been convicted of his mother's murder and died in gaol. Jacko was always vicious and delinquent—much the best bet; and if he couldn't have done it, which of them did? For it must be one of them; and after two years, will they ever know? . . . Of course they will, and we may guess the solution. The author has been more cunning in the past; but still there is no one like her. K. JOHN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN people ask me how to improve their game, I usually advocate a sort of three-pronged advance. Plenty of practice against strong opponents is essential. The cleverest people are grievously hampered if they try to develop their chess talent *in vacuo* and I should never back the keeper of the Eddystone lighthouse, for instance, to get very far in any of our championships.

My second piece of advice is "play a little postal chess." This helps you to think a little more deeply and also serves to fix good openings firmly in your mind.

There are plenty of good players to whom postal play is anathema. "One move in three days!" they exclaim: "Good —!!!" It sounds far worse than it is. To play just one pair of games by post at a time invites boredom—or worse, for if you have plenty of time to spare and devote it to a position which does not deserve it, you may hypnotise yourself into seeing ghosts.

Paul Keres is said to have developed his skill by playing *hundreds* of postal games at once. A couple of games against each of six opponents is a happy medium. This brings about three letters every couple of days; enough chess to keep you busy, not enough to overwhelm.

Postal play is the great solace, of course, for such as the Eddystone lighthouse-keeper. It is well organised in England where the number of its devotees must certainly exceed 5000 and the resulting competition makes it possible to find yourself opponents of right up to master rank.

I think it regrettable that the five members of our B.C.F. team at Munich are almost unknown in postal chess circles. Alexander, Golombek, Penrose, Clarke and Wade may not have played a dozen games by post, among the lot of them in their lives. This tells on their analysis after adjournment of unfinished games; time and time again, in recent team tournaments, our opponents have got more out of the position on resumption than we have. I put it forward as a serious suggestion that a top-rate postal chess player such as Frank Parr might be "seconded" to the team in a purely advisory capacity. Without playing a single game himself, he might well boost our team up a couple of places in the final table.

My third piece of advice is "study good books!" Among those who, unfortunately for themselves, lack the talent for study, the illusion is frequently fostered that a "bookish" player is a dull one. The reverse is the truth. A "bookish" player can come to every game with some new idea. It would take a superman to pick up, from his own experience alone, rooth of the lore enshrined in the books. It took the whole world of chess-players several centuries to discover precepts which an elementary textbook now gives in its opening passages.

Half this country's habitual chess-players would benefit from a perusal of Znosko-Borovsky's "How Not to Play Chess." He used to tour Britain from end to end giving simultaneous displays in clubs mighty and low, and he came to understand the average player's little weaknesses and deficiencies better than any other writer I know. In the circumstances, he was rather kind to proffer the advice in this book, for any club whose members seriously studied it would certainly give him a rougher passage as a result!

Little tips like "avoid playing . . . P-KR3 without some definite motive"; "develop *all* your pieces, not merely some," "don't unnecessarily expose your king" would, were they only followed faithfully, save many a quite advanced player from horrid débâcles in club and county chess to-day.

For real depth in middle-game strategy, I have recommended Nimzowitsch's "My System" for well-nigh twenty-five years. It is a tortuous, obscure book in the original German, full of distracting half-jokes. The translator has, if anything, made things worse (for instance by alluding to an "overloaded" piece when obviously "overburdened" is the word). But there are few books which reward you as richly if you really stick to them. More good players swear by "My System" than by any other book I know.

TRAGEDY IN MONTENEGRO: AND THREE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUBJECTS.

LIFE in Montenegro was—perhaps it still is—so savage and barbaric that it is hard to believe that that turbulent land forms part of Europe at all. It is not without reason that Milovan Djilas entitles the autobiography of his youth "Land Without Justice" (Methuen; 25s.). He was born in 1911, and he continues the story to the point at which he is about to leave for the university, and beginning to take his first interest in Communism. Later events are, of course, well known. He became Vice-President of Yugoslavia under Tito, but was expelled from the Communist Party because he held dangerously liberal views, and was then sentenced to a term of imprisonment which he is still undergoing. But that is not the point in this book. The Montenegro in which Djilas was brought up was a land of blood-feuds and violence. In the First World War, it was involved, with Serbia, in resistance to the Central Powers, and was overrun by Austrian troops. Worse, in my view, than the atrocities committed by those troops themselves was the revenge taken on Montenegrins, many of them women, who were held to have in any way betrayed their defeated country. Crucifying girls naked is not a pleasant habit. This is the terrible way in which Djilas describes his own background:

Though the life of my family is not completely typical of my homeland, Montenegro, it is typical in one respect; the men of several generations have died at the hands of Montenegrins, men of the same faith and name. My father's grandfather, my own two grandfathers, my father and my uncle were killed, as though a dread curse lay upon them. My father and his brother and my brothers were killed even though all of them yearned to die peacefully in their beds beside their wives. Generation after generation, and the bloody chain was not broken. The inherited fear and hatred of feuding clans was stronger than fear and hatred of the enemy, the Turks. It seems to me that I was born with blood on my eyes. My first sight was of blood. My first words were blood and bathed in blood.

Nothing could be more appalling. Yet even in this sort of atmosphere, family affection seems to have flourished, and human behaviour was in some respects ordinary. The children even got some schooling. Djilas has much to tell us about the two schools which he attended, at Kolasin and Berane, where the teachers were the most extraordinary collection of eccentrics ever to appear outside the pages of Charles Dickens. Some were ignorant, others drunken. One used to egg the boys on, with dirty whisperings, to make love to the girls. (This exercise seems to have been something of a waste of time, because the boys were certainly not backward in such activities, without any extraneous prompting. English people, who like to pretend that all children are sexless until they marry, will read with some discomfort the prominent part played by "love" in the playgrounds of Montenegro, and will take a particularly jaundiced view of a rivalry between master and pupil for the affections of a girl.) A number of these teachers were Russians, but it does not seem to have been from these that Djilas drew his Communism. "It was the state of society itself," he writes, "that provided the prime and most powerful impulse. If anyone wished to change it—and there are always men with such irresistible desires—he could do so only in a movement that promised something of the kind and was said to have succeeded once through a great revolution." Communism may be preferable to blood-feuds—that is at least arguable—but are the two necessarily alternatives? I should like to know what has happened to Montenegro during the years of Tito's régime.

After so much tragedy, it was a relief to turn to the quiet, attractive scholarship of Dr. Glyn Daniel, the leading archæologist, who has written "The Megalith Builders of Western Europe" (Hutchinson; 18s.). This is quite a short book, but it would be hard to find one more closely argued. The builders of these collective tombs—they flourished in the Ægean, in the third millennium B.C., but had "cousinly relationships" with similar builders elsewhere—had what strikes me as a rather unsavoury system of corpse-disposal. They would tidy away a dead man, complete with items of his property and (in some cases) his wife, for it appears that *suttee* was not unknown. His body would be openly exposed on a bier, and the tomb carefully sealed. When another death occurred, the tomb would be

reopened, and space made for a new occupant.

Dr. Glyn Daniel is also the General Editor of the "Ancient Peoples and Places" series, to which has just been added a new volume, "Wessex," by J. F. S. Stone (Thames and Hudson; 25s.). The link between this book and that which I have just been considering is, of course, Stonehenge. Dr. Daniel distinguishes "the megalithic sepulchral chambers on the one hand, and the megalithic sacred sites or temples on the other." Dr. Stone writes of "ceremonial enclosures." I was particularly interested in his description of five different periods of construction at Stonehenge.

A third archæological book is "A Picture History of Archæology," by C. W. Ceram (Thames and Hudson; 42s.). This is much more in the nature of an introduction to the subject, and the photographs are particularly good. E. D. O'BRIEN.



Typical of the sort of super service station BP is building across the two provinces, this BP garage stands at the corner of Ontario and Leclaire Streets in down-town Montreal. Says 42-year-old owner **WILLY SWEET** (cleaning windscreen "It's a darn nice outfit, BP. Sales? I was up 4,000 gallons first month I took over.")

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Out for a weekend trip with his wife and 7-year-old daughter Marilyn, **DONALD MORRISON** of 28 Greenland Road, Don Mills. "I always use BP, it sure is OK by me."

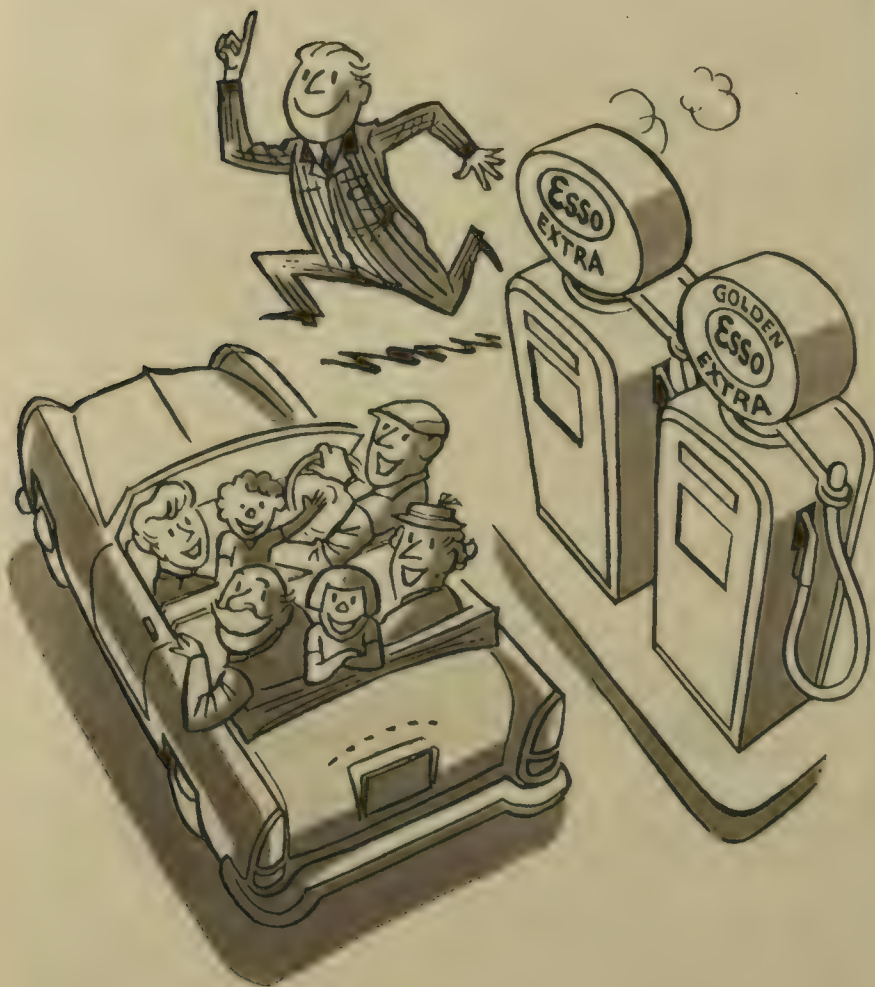
out just what Canadians think of BP's great new development. What the motorists think, you can read on this page. They think BP's good. But what of the men who sell it? For this, come to the BP Don Mills service station, Toronto City. Here works expatriate Britisher Mr. W. R. Matthews. He used to sell BP in England. Now he sells it in Canada. And what does he think? "Sir," he said to the BP reporter, "the future of BP in Canada? The answer is WOW!"

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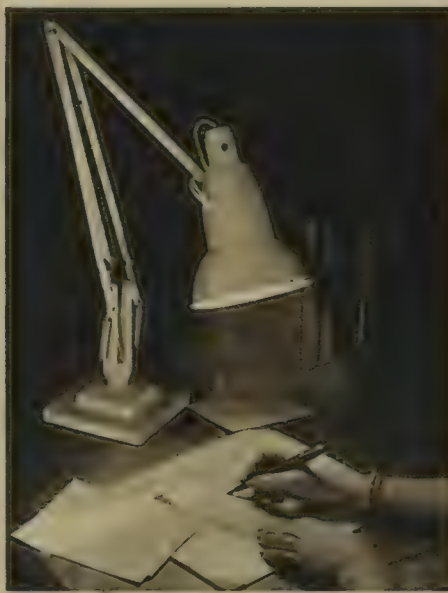
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Love from us both

Sally

P.S. If you would prefer to have it - the lamp I mean - in any other colour, the man in the shop said there's six to choose from. Cream and gold like this one, cream, red, green, yellow or black. Sounds like an advertisement, doesn't it?

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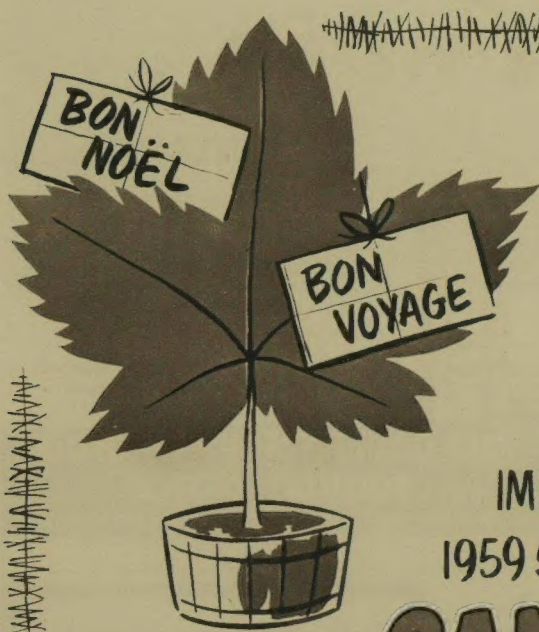
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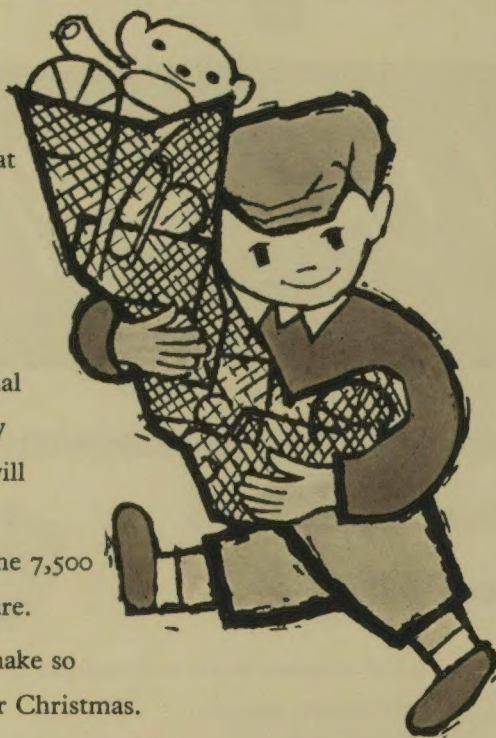
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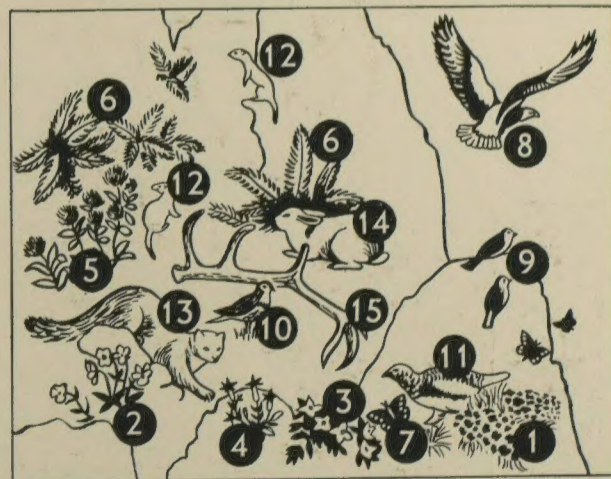
Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

Mountain flowers are often dwarfs, unforgettably brilliant or clear. Here are little pillows of the MOSS CAMPION (1), common to English, Scottish and Irish mountains; MOUNTAIN PANSIES (2); the white eyes (blackish flowers, each surrounded by four white bracts) of the DWARF CORNEL (3); and sapphires of the rare SMALL GENTIAN or SNOW GENTIAN (4), found only in Perth and Angus. A colony of the sweet-scented ALPINE SAW-WORT (5) stands against the rock, which cherishes a tuft or two of HOLLY FERN (6). The butterflies are the SMALL MOUNTAIN RINGLET (7) of the Lakes and Highlands.


The GOLDEN EAGLE (8), now the only eagle in residence, is confined to the Highlands and Islands. SNOW BUNTINGS (9) nest on screes on high Scottish mountains and DOTTERELS (10) on mountain tops in Lakeland and Scotland.

The SCOTTISH PTARMIGAN (11) wears a white winter dress. So does the STOAT (12), in contrast to the PINE-MARTEN (13) of the mountain forests; while the BLUE HARE (14) of Scotland changes to a mixture of grey and white. The antler (15) belonged to a RED DEER, a creature both of forests and mountains aloft.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



The "Shell Guide to Trees" is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside", "Birds and Beasts", and "Fossils, Insects and Reptiles" are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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